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# Trek

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## *In This Issue:*

**BRITAIN FIGHTS FOR HER LIFE**

**KOESTLER ON SOVIET RUSSIA**

**THE BUILDERS' STRIKE**

**INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC**

**PROFILE OF DESIRE DEFAUW**

**LITERATURE, MUSIC, ART, ETC.**

**STAGE AND SCREEN**

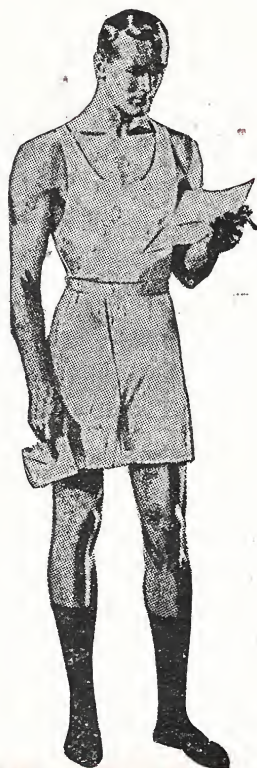
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**MR. SULLIVAN, M.P., ON HOW TO HELP BRITAIN**

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## THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

### Hans Endler — An Appreciation

SIR: I am glad that "C. de F." has done what I had commenced to do, namely, to pay tribute in the press to a musician who spent many years trying to teach music to the youth of South Africa under very trying conditions, especially when the Conservatorium in Stellenbosch was rather a modest affair nearly 50 years ago. Stellenbosch, in spite of its charming houses and lovely gardens, did not then play a great role in South Africa's music.

Endler and I first met in London during the years 1892 and 1896, when the late W. H. Bell, J. B. McEwan (who, when he became principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London, was knighted, and I think is still living in retirement) and I were fellow students at the Royal Academy of Music. We were great friends, of course hard up, but we enjoyed life.

One day McEwan, who was nearly 10 years older than the other two members of the then revolutionary (in music only) trio, introduced us to two of his grown-up pupils from Vienna—Paul Graener, then conducting incidental music at the London Theatre, and Hans Endler, then playing Cello in the orchestra of His Majesty's Theatre under another Viennese, Adolf Schmid (well-known arranger for Hawkes, London, and later on in New York, where he orchestrated—and perhaps he still does—for Schirmer's and the N.B.C.), and whom I met frequently in New York.

Graener returned to Vienna, where he became a well-known composer and conductor and then Director of the Hochschule der Musik in Berlin. In 1937 I heard in Munich his "Variations of the Volga Boat Song" for orchestra. I was neither amused nor impressed by this "Kapellmeister" music.

\* \* \*

ENDLER must have come to South Africa soon after my arrival (1896), for we met unexpectedly at the house of a music-loving friend in Durban in 1901. Both he and I were on holiday. That evening he sang in a small but sympathetic voice to his own Pizzicato Cello accompaniment, the well-known "Wiegenlied" of his beloved Brahms. He returned to Stellenbosch and I to Grahamstown to our respective duties as music teachers. As we were both very busy, and I had left South Africa for about nine years, we did not meet again until 1914 or after, when I became conductor of the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra. Endler often travelled to Cape Town to hear the Thursday evening concerts.

When in due course the orchestra was

invited to give six concerts every winter in Stellenbosch, Endler, also Prof. Cilliers (University Principal), Prof. M. C. Botha (then a mere professor), and Mr. Paul Roos (the Springbok footballer and school principal still living in retirement in Stellenbosch), were on the very active concert committee. Mr. Paul Roos, by the way, is the father of Mr. Gideon Roos, now Secretary of the S.A.B.C., an excellent poet, translator of songs and opera into Afrikaans, playwright and musical enthusiast.

We met next in 1939. I had resigned from my Cape Town appointment in 1927 when I went to New York from Johannesburg, where I had been Director of the first South African Broadcasting Station. In 1937 I was asked to return to Johannesburg to conduct the broadcast orchestra, which had meanwhile grown from a very small one to a good one of 50 players. I landed in Johannesburg on March 1st, 1938. When my holidays were due in February, 1939, I was asked by my friend Dr. Pickerill, who had succeeded me in Cape Town, to conduct during the 25th Anniversary Festival of my old Orchestra. Just before the last rehearsal Pickerill asked if I minded if Endler played the Cello at rehearsal and the concert. He had come specially over from Stellenbosch in order to take part without a fee, to show his appreciation of the Orchestra and my own work in spreading the love of good music in South Africa. Did I mind? I was greatly touched by my modest but always enthusiastic and cheerful colleague. So I was glad to see his

### CONTENTS

|                             | Page |
|-----------------------------|------|
| The Editor's Uneasy Chair   | 1    |
| Notes and Comments          | 4    |
| Koestler on U.S.S.R.        | 6    |
| World Press Panorama        | 8    |
| Indians in the Tvl Republic | 10   |
| Leaves From My Diary        | 13   |
| Health Centre in Action     | 14   |
| Profiles                    | 17   |
| Short Story                 | 18   |
| Indaba                      | 21   |
| Editorials                  | 22   |
| Stage and Screen            | 24   |
| Round The Galleries         | 26   |
| Facing The Music            | 27   |
| Poetry                      | 30   |
| Literature                  | 31   |
| Food and Wine               | 36   |



face, with the Viennese moustache, smiling at me from the Cellos.

AFTER that I used to see him occasionally on my yearly holiday visits to Cape Town. The last time I saw him was in Gordon's Bay, where I was spending, as usual, two or three weeks at my old friends, the Bell's, house. Endler, with his talented daughter-pianist, had motored over from Stellenbosch to see the Bells and me. We were all very fond of him.

And now both Endler and Bell have left us. As "C. de F." writes in his very

sympathetic appreciation, "as one gets older one feels more and more alone." I suppose that I am nearly the only one left of that little band of musicians who have worked for many years for the progress of South African musical art.

W. Deane (Maritzburg) and Horace Barton (Johannesburg) are still active in spite of both of them being older than I, who am 73, and, thank God, still working and busy.

I never saw Endler again in person. Early this year I received from a fellow-conductor in Cape Town a message to say that Endler was very ill at a nursing

home. I at once wrote to him expressing the hope that he would soon recover and that I would do my best to see him on my next visit to Cape Town. He was too ill to reply, but his daughter wrote to say that he was looking forward to my visit. Unfortunately, owing to the many concert and broadcast rehearsals and engagements which I had to accept, I was prevented from seeing Endler in hospital as I had hoped to. It is too late now, but the memory of the "Viennese Musikant" and "Ware Afrikaner" still remains. We both have seen and taken part in the ups and downs of South Africa's musical life. When we first came to South Africa there were no permanent professional orchestras.



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SOUTH Africa is a difficult country. Often I have thought that the prospects for a rich musical culture were most promising. Then came setbacks in the shape of wars, depressions and other calamities. But Endler never lost courage. He could not have had an easy time in Stellenbosch, especially at first when it was more or less a very pretty dorp. The beginnings of the Conservatorium were humble in those days. He sometimes complained that he had to teach from morning till night the piano, violin, cello, harmony, and even zither. It was difficult for him to keep his amateur orchestra and choral society together.

With the development of its University, Conservatorium and schools and the sturdy Afrikaans culture, I hope he had an easier and artistically more satisfying time. The artist who in his young days had heard the fine concerts and operas of Vienna in the days of Hans Richter and Brahms, must have longed for the sound of a good orchestra. I know I did when I came to Grahamstown in 1896. So did Bell when he became principal of the South African College of Music in 1912. He sometimes mentioned that if the Cape Town Orchestra had not come into being in 1914 he could not have remained.

South Africa is a lovely country, but it is only beginning to develop musically. Even to-day the good and serious musicians are pioneers and therefore their way is hard. Endler was a pioneer, courageous and looking forward.

"C. de F." (who I am glad to see has recovered from his recent severe illness) mentions that Endler became a "Ware Afrikaner." How could he help becoming that, living as he did for about 50 years in one of the strongholds of Afrikaans culture?

Hans Endler contributed his share in building up a South African musical culture, without losing his love for the country of his birth.

Now that two of my oldest musician friends, W. H. Bell and Hans Endler, have left this world of strife, I hope that they will meet in a better world and talk with sympathy and enthusiasm of the future of music in South Africa, the land they both loved. May both rest in peace!

Johannesburg. THEO WENDT.

## An African Looks at the New India

SIR: The attainment by India of Dominion status has had a profound effect on the imagination of the African people in this country as well as in the rest of British Africa. Apart from giving a new impetus to their fight for self-government, it has introduced significant changes in the methods they will use to reach their



goal. Feelings of optimism have been aroused, and the British Trusteeship Policy is being seen as a genuine and honest effort to assist the so-called backward races to be able to govern themselves.

There are, however, certain contrasts in the way in which these hopes are being given expression—both here and in British Africa. This is occasioned by the difference in the approach of both Britain and the local Europeans to the problem of Trusteeship. Britain is committed to the policy of ruling the colonial people in such a way that at the same time they should be receiving experience in the art of government, so that at the right time they should have self-government and be free to steer their own ship of State in the world.

South Africa, on the other hand, preaches a Trusteeship whose ultimate goal is not very clearly defined. A small section of the ruling race looks forward to the time when the African will participate directly in the government of the country. Another group, bigger than the first, wants some form of justice meted out to the African so long as European security is guaranteed. The overwhelming majority, however, do not look forward to seeing the African the social, economic and political equal of the white man. Our whole system of Native Laws is expressive of the wishes of this last group and is designed to maintain the position where "die wit man moet baas bly" for all time.

\* \* \*

THE contrasts in these policies have been emphasised by India's rise to independence in a very interesting manner.

In West Africa, for example, the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, a nationalistic organisation which claims to have 10,000,000 supporters and has for years been represented as anti-British, has just sent a delegation to London to impress upon the Colonial Secretary the need for a new constitution for Nigeria in which the Africans would have more power to administer their own affairs. Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, who owns no less than five newspapers in West Africa and is leading the delegation, expounded the purpose of his mission at a British Press conference on his arrival in England thus:

"The best friends are those who tell their friends the truth, no matter how much it hurts. Some of those concerned with the administration of my country are hyper-sensitive to criticism. But it is untrue that the people or the officers and members of the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons are anti-White or anti-British. We are, however, convinced that the Crown Colony system of governing our country is despotic and obsolete. Present-day administration is not in accord with the democratic ideals for which we contributed our share in manpower, money and materials during the war. We wish to take an active part in the management of our own affairs and to feel confident that we are moving towards self-government."

Yet another delegation is in London from East Africa. The Kenya African Union recently sent Mr. Mbiyu Koinange to present the African people's demand for greater participation in the government of their country before the Colonial

Secretary. This is what he told Mr. Creech-Jones:

"The African considers the concrete efforts made by the Colonial Office and the Kenya Government to implement their declared colonial programme; he looks at the measures for soil conservation, the settlement schemes, etc., with gratitude permeated with suspicion. 'Is all this for me?' he will ask himself. 'What is my part in the whole scheme of development? What contribution can I make to it all? Is it all for or on behalf of me?'

"He observes the slowness with which

his own requests are met and contrasts it with the speedy way in which the European settlers get attention.

"Acting together, the African people and the Colonial Government could eliminate this fear and suspicion. The record of Africans in Burma and elsewhere shows that they are not slow to co-operate with the Government when their confidence is won. If the Government would implement the Labour Party's declared colonial policy in East Africa as readily and as rapidly as in Ceylon, India and Burma, the Africans would associate

(Continued on Page 25)



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# NOTES AND COMMENTS

## HOW SOUTH AFRICA CAN HELP BRITAIN

By J. R. SULLIVAN, M.P.

**B**ITAIN'S major need is primarily for raw materials and foodstuffs. To purchase these to meet her requirements, she must have an adequate supply of dollars.

The first line of help should therefore be dollar assistance. We can get a big enough supply from our gold sales on New York to spare some for transference to Great Britain, on either a long-period loan basis or in payment of imports to South Africa. Last year our total gold sales amounted to £150,000,000. £86,000,000 under an agreement with the Bank of England went to Britain; £55,000,000 went to the Assay Office in New York. A further large amount will go to the U.S.A. this year. This is a source of dollar supply out of which South Africa can give material aid to Britain, though it may mean some diminution in our purchases from New York.

A second method of assistance to which our Government seems to be committed is the selling on credit to Britain of tinned fruit, shoes and textiles, etc. The idea is that the goods will be paid for in South African currency and the obligation to repay will be implemented by Britain over a period of years. This method is very similar to the American loan plan and has the same undesirable aspects. The goods will be bought at the present high South African prices and the burden of debt will be piled on Britain.

It is good business for South Africa and has an element of selfishness about it which is not in tune with Commonwealth outlook and responsibilities. Against this it could be argued that in view of our present unfavourable balance of payments this increased export trade will be valuable. True. It will also help us to fight depression trends. But the help to Britain is not so advantageous. The supply of raw materials so necessary to English industry will not be greatly aided, though the dollars used on buying food from U.S.A. could be diverted for buying raw materials there.

**T**HERE is a better method of assisting Britain. Why not adopt the system we agreed upon with the Hitler Government, that is a plain barter arrangement? Britain could send buyers to South Africa; the South African Government would give credits to them in the South African banks. On this credit they would buy their needs. On arrival of the goods in England, the British Government would transfer certain goods, as required in South Africa, to South Africa. Our Government would sell them and so extinguish their bank debts originally incurred. If that system worked well to enable the Germans to obtain wool, etc., from South Africa before 1939, it can work well, and without any debt burden, in the case of Britain to-day.

A better method still is to institute Lease-lend. By this we could send at once to England the goods we can spare and which she needs. A record only would be taken. We would expect a return from England of goods from time to time. Two streams would be moving: one to England, one from England. No accounting would come into operation until a specified period had elapsed, say five years. Then the debits and credits would be worked out and settlement reached. We did this in the case of U.S.A. and finally paid £25,000,000 to cover our indebtedness. To establish Lease-lend of this nature would be easy for South Africa. It might well develop into a Commonwealth plan of mutual aid to Britain.

**T**HERE is still another method, not so immediate in its results but of great value. It involves a Commonwealth Conference to go into the whole position as to the maximum assistance the Commonwealth can give England. Apart from Lease-lend there is need for amendment of the rules of the International Monetary Fund to enable a substantial loan to be made to Britain and to re-assess exchange rates in terms of costs and prices in the various countries which are members of the Fund. This means a revision of the basis on which the Fund has been established. Unless such revision is undertaken, Commonwealth trade will be detrimentally affected for a long time to come. South Africa can take the lead in summoning this Conference. It is an urgent matter, as sterling is undoubtedly overvalued as it was in 1924/5 when it was fixed at 4.86 dollars to the pound in order to "make the pound look the dollar in the face."

Had the relative cost and price structure of U.S.A. and Britain been taken into consideration then, the rate would have been round about 3.5. In recent years a similar mistake has been made. The present rate of 4.0275 is not a purchasing power parity rate and is more or less arbitrary, resulting in over-valuation. The present crisis is in considerable measure due to this, sanctioned as it was by the Bretton Woods agreement. Britain's position to-day has been complicated by the failure of the nations to develop multilateral trade. To-day 50 per cent. of her imports come from U.S.A., but only 14 per cent. of her exports go there. This makes the U.S.A. a Trade and Exchange bottleneck, inevitable no doubt in the present disordered world with international trade completely out of gear.

## Our Racial Troubles

**S**UCH incidents as the murdering of a Native by white youths because he wore gloves; and the tragic stoning of three policemen to death at Moroka, are signs that we are sitting on a racial powder keg. The Government will have to bestir itself if an explosion is to be avoided. The danger issues from two directions: On the one hand there are the reactionaries who with their Black Peril agitation are driving the Coloured section to adopt measures of desperation. On the other hand, a dangerous flood of agitation has been let loose urging the Natives to step up their demands because, with the aid of UNO, complete freedom from white domination is around the corner. These difficulties are compounded by the presence of criminal elements amongst the Natives whose anti-social traits are a spur to anarchical action.

The most effective way that the Government can meet this challenge from both extremes is to take cognisance of the changed conditions in which we are living and to make such concessions that will induce a feeling of hope in the bulk of the Coloured population. In this way, the extreme elements and the criminals would soon find themselves in utter isolation. \* \* \*

## The Building Strike

**T**HE workers in the building industry are certainly a militant group. Some months back they issued all manner of threats when the Government embarked on the scheme for training Native builders. And in the present fight they are displaying a doggedness which could have been applied to a better use.

It may seem that to withhold unqualified support from the strikers is like taking the bread out of the mouths of the builders' families. Admittedly, we feel less compunction on this point in view of the attitude of the builders to the Government training scheme. But there are also other considerations to be taken into account that fortify us. At the present time one of the most important world struggles is being waged on the inflationary front. Ramadier, the French Socialist Premier, may not relish the idea of pegging workers' wages, but it has to be done in the interests of national economy.

In South Africa, there is not only the question of inflation, but of the wage relation of the skilled to the unskilled worker. Mrs. Ballinger made the important point that the gap here should not be unduly widened. If there are any irregularities in the wages of the white worker, they should be adjusted. They cannot be of such a nature that an arbi-



trator could not easily tackle.

There is an important principle involved in the present strike. The white workers must know that they cannot expect any great advance economically while they follow a Colour Bar policy which introduces an unconscionable inefficiency into industry. A relaxation of the Colour Bar, with the necessary safeguards which the Government is prepared to give, would result in a forward advance, the benefits of which would soon accrue to both the white and the black worker. But militance, unaccompanied by any such radical change of outlook, can only lead to a succession of strikes both by whites and by blacks that would imperil the whole industry and seriously check the national building plans.

\* \* \*

### Johannesburg Civic Music

THE matter of Johannesburg civic music has been much in the public eye of late, thanks to the newly-formed society calling itself The Friends of Music, as well as sundry letters to the Press from people who feel, as does the above-mentioned society, that all is not as well as might be with the music of this city.

The storm centre at the moment is the City Orchestra and the fact that it has not, as yet, a permanent conductor. Comparisons are made with Cape Town and Durban, these two towns having well-established orchestras that have built up a considerable local musical tradition; but it should be borne in mind that these towns are considerably older than Johannesburg and that, certainly so far as Cape Town is concerned, the people as a whole have more culture and consequently can take their symphonic music in strong doses.

That Johannesburg has not progressed yet very far from the mining camp days, and so could not be expected to support regular symphony concerts, is being used in certain quarters as a sound reason for not appointing a permanent conductor. Instead, it is urged, we should have a sub-conductor who would have control of the orchestra except on those rare occasions when star guest conductors are brought out.

Supposing Johannesburg to have the monopoly of the Union's business brains, we may presume that some of them find their way into the City Council and, we hope, on to the Art and Culture Committee, and so this body should realise



Aftermath: By Kaethe Kollwitz

that from the £.s.d. aspect such a policy is bound to be expensive; which is why such high prices were asked for the Defauw concerts. True, some seats were low-priced, but not enough of them, and when some £60,000 odd of the ratepayers' money is being utilised in one year to back civic music, it is only fair that all seats should be within the reach of the man-in-the-street—the ratepayer.

Sound musical judgment and ripe experience maintain that for the Johannesburg Orchestra to develop into a cohesive unit it is essential that a permanent conductor be appointed; and so that an outstanding combination be achieved, an outstanding man be appointed.

At a recent meeting of the Friends of Music, Mr. Colin Legum, a Friend of Music and a member of the Art and Culture Committee, is reported to have stated that the appointment of a permanent conductor was agreed upon more than a year ago by his committee. "The principle exists," he said; "the fight is to see that it is carried into effect." These are interesting words. A "fight" presupposes an "opponent"; and this would indeed seem to be the case if, after more than a year, Johannesburg is still without its permanent conductor. Cape Town has just shown how a conductor can be obtained once the will to get one exists. Perhaps Mr. Legum will tell us who this opponent is, who is so influential as to hold at bay the complete

Art and Culture Committee, and who is preventing them from carrying into effect a more-than-a-year-old resolution.

It is not to be wondered at that those many ratepayers who are interested in the progress of Johannesburg civic music are at last growing restive.

\* \* \*

### United States of Europe

The dream of a United States of Europe is not new. Over 130 years ago Napoleon gave it attention before he decided that it was easier to conquer Europe than to get them to unite. Another figure of this age, of the calibre of Churchill, who once projected it, with the proviso that it should be a United Socialist States of Europe, is Trotsky. There is still in existence a booklet (in French) in which are printed three lectures delivered by Trotsky round about 1925 on the United States of Europe which still make interesting reading.

- (a) The Imperialist War (1914-18) marks the end of the historic primacy of European civilisation on a world scale, and its reduction to the role of an economic vassal of the U.S.A.
- (b) The U.S.A., as the economic master of the planet, will place Europe on "short rations."
- (c) America as a financial, as a "pacific" Imperialism, can enlist the support of the Colonial Peoples against Britain and France.
- (d) The only historically progressive solution to the present impasse of European civilisation, which itself arises from the decay of Capitalism, is the "United Socialist States of Europe," linking up via a revolutionary Russia with the revolutionary Colonial Peoples of the East.

Shortly after Trotsky delivered these lectures, America came to Germany's rescue through the Dawes and Young Plans, which helped materially in the financial regeneration of Europe, and proved a sharp set-back to that revolutionary Communism of which Trotsky was the chief apostle. America's aid contributed not a little to his defeat in the struggle with Stalin. If the Dawes and Young Plans were measured in hundreds of millions of pounds, the Marshall Plan will have to be in the category of thousands of millions to prevent the disintegration of Europe.

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# Arthur Koestler's Views On The Soviets

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Koestler, who is one of the leading writers of to-day, explains here why he left the Communist Party to take up a vigorously critical attitude towards the Soviet Regime. Mr. Guy Routh, a strong sympathiser of the Soviet Union, will reply to Mr. Koestler in the next issue of Trek.

ARTHUR KOESTLER received me in the room of his hotel, on the Left Bank in Paris. At the door, the commissionaire did not stop me: Koestler does not show the customary suspiciousness of the ex-journalist.

"I'm on holiday in Paris," said Koestler. "And I don't usually give any interviews because, firstly, it's a coquettishness which is very near prostitution, and, secondly, because if a writer has anything to say he should write it down."

"The French Press has published many articles about you. And I noticed that among them are some particularly violent attacks by the Communist papers."

"I have never answered personal attacks. And as far as the French Communist press is concerned, I was rather surprised by their reserve. They did not even make me out as a Nazi agent or a Jap spy."

"But they call you a Trotskyite."

"I have never been one. But the accusation is not dishonourable. If one tries to remain an independent left-winger, these attacks are to be expected."

"You have been a Communist; you went to Russia . . . Such a lot of contradictory rumours are circulating regarding your Communist past that one does not know what is the truth. Could you perhaps clarify the situation?"

\* \* \*

"I JOINED the Communist Party in 1931. I went to Russia in the summer of 1932 as correspondent for some Swiss and Scandinavian papers. I stayed in the U.S.S.R. until 1933.

"My ex-comrades of the Communist Party think it strange that, having left the U.S.S.R. in 1933, I only resigned from the party in 1938. What I saw in Russia, they say, did not undermine my faith in the Soviet experiment. That's quite true. What I saw in Russia frightened and depressed me; it was a hard blow for a young romantic lad full of

illusions. But the Marxist "school" had taught me to distrust my own romanticism and my emotional reactions. I told myself—and my comrades told me: 'Terror, famine, the suppression of freedom, the total disregard for human dignity and rights are but passing phenomena. The situation in Russia should not be judged statically but dynamically in comparison with the Czarist past and in relation with the future we are trying to build up.' We repeated this night and day, like a prayer.

"When I returned to Europe, I stayed another four-and-a-half years in the Communist Party: I did not want to betray the confidence of my friends and comrades in Russia. I gave Russia the benefit of the doubt. Many party comrades, especially the German and Austrian émigrés, were in a similar position. For each revolting bit of news which reached us from the U.S.S.R., purges, reactionary laws, executions, we found a new excuse. There was still hope, but there was also cowardice—the fear of

By

JEAN DUCHE

being called a "renegade," and also that other fear that our criticisms of Russia would be exploited by the reactionaries. We hated those who had succumbed, and we did not want, by leaving the party, to become hated ourselves.

"It was not a very enviable position in which we were, and we all became somewhat neurotic. What kept us going was work—this frenzy of anti-Fascist committees, meetings, rallies, of the great 'Pink Decade.'

"Then came the Spanish Civil War, and I left as correspondent for the London 'News-Chronicle.' The rest of my story, the Franco prisons, etc., you will find in 'Spanish Testament.' I went back to France in 1937, and six months later, in 1938, I left the party."

\* \* \*

"WHY just at that moment?"

"The last straw was the Bukharin trial, the cynical exploitation of the Spanish civil war, of all the enthusiasm and death of the best men. All this had been used to help the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R. That was the end—I had understood, and I started to write



—Time & Tide

'Darkness at Noon.'

"They say that you dislike Soviet Russia. Is this quite true?"

"I detest the Stalinist system as much as I detested the Nazi system, and for the same reasons."

"That is to say . . ."

"Because I am a Socialist and because I hate tyranny."

"But doesn't Russia claim to be a socialist country?"

"Let's be more precise. We must first make the distinction between the economic structure and what Marxists call the superstructure—the political institutions, the intellectual climate, the respect for man's dignity, are all part of the latter.

"Economically Russia has nationalised the means of production and distribution. Twenty years ago, we Socialists believed that the collectivisation of the means of production was the only necessary and sufficient condition to create a Socialist state. To-day we see that things are not as simple as all that. We see that a nationalised economy can be the basis of a tyrannical, autocratic political structure."

"If I understand you correctly, you are still a Socialist and even a Marxist, but you want the economic Socialist system to go together with a political régime which guarantees man's dignity?"

"Broadly this is true, but I want to make certain qualifications. I have remained a Socialist, but I am no longer an orthodox Marxist. I do consider Marxism as one of the three important systems of ideas of the last hundred



years—the two others are Darwinism and Psychoanalysis. But in the same way as, in the light of further scientific developments, it is no longer possible to be an orthodox Darwinist or an orthodox Freudian (see for example the Jung and Adler schools), it is no longer possible to be an orthodox Marxist. Only a group whose thought is completely fossilised in a sort of Byzantism can continue to believe in Marxism as if it were some form of revealed dogma.”

“LET’S get back to the U.S.S.R. and the distinction you make between the economic system and the social, political and cultural system.”

“I consider Russia as economically progressive, but in all other fields of activity it is the most reactionary State of our time. The word ‘progressive’ is taken here in a purely technical sense, that is to say, in the sense that an electric globe is an advance over an oil lamp.”

“And what meaning do you attach to the word ‘reactionary’?”

“I mean by this that Russia has, in the political and cultural field, regressed to a state of affairs recalling the period before the fall of the Bastille.”

“One cannot say that this opinion is widely shared by the Left.”

“No. The enthusiasm of the Left for Russia is usually in indirect ratio to its knowledge of the true facts. But these facts are within reach of everyone: abolition of the right to strike; the trade unions are controlled by the bureaucrats; the worker is bound to his factory by law; working class children are slowly evicted from universities, etc.; inheritance and life insurance have been restored—that means that the fortune of the parents can be transferred to the children, which creates already a state of inequality from the moment of birth. One of the fundamental principles of Socialism is precisely that all children start in life with an equal chance. But the contrast between the chances of a rich man’s child and those of a poor man’s child is much greater than in the capitalist United States.”

“But if these facts are available to everyone, how is it that millions of people look to Soviet Russia as a paradise on earth?”

“The answer to this question is contained in the question itself. This enlightened age has slowly destroyed in the masses all faith, all belief in moral values. Since 1789 the emotional and metaphysical roots of the masses have withered away. Now these rootless men have found a new hope. Once these emotional roots have been solidified, it becomes as difficult to cut them with logical arguments as it is to dislodge a firm believer in the

church. For each logical argument advanced, the theologist will find an answer, which is nothing more than a rationalisation of his unrational belief.”

“But if so many people put their hope in Soviet Russia with so much obstinacy, is it not to some extent because the capitalist world has nothing to offer?”

“I quite agree. We are between the capitalist Scylla and the pseudo-Socialist Charybdis. Nevertheless, I must once again qualify this statement. First of all, the argument that any criticism of the U.S.S.R. helps the ‘forces of reaction’ is just as false as to say that to criticise American capitalism will help Russia. It is a form of moral blackmail; and if one accepts this argument, one ceases at the same time to think freely; one is intellectually castrated. Secondly, there is some hope in navigating between Scylla and Charybdis; the Labourite experiment in England is a proof of it. I don’t want to say that Mr. Attlee is Ulysses, and, living in England, I know only too well the weaknesses of the reformist tradition of the Labour Party. But the Labourites are only two years in power, and in that short time they have made some interesting social reforms. They have also broken away from England’s imperialist tradition—at least as far as India is concerned. I would whole-heartedly support the Labour Party, if it had failed to call into life a true Socialist International.”

“IN the absence of what you call a true Socialist International, what policy do you advise independent Socialists to follow?”

“I will answer you indirectly with an historical parallel. In 1925 the names of two men, Sacco and Vanzetti, brought about throughout the world such a wave



Karl Marx

—W. M. Berger



of indignation that there were barricades in Paris and elsewhere. In 1936 the Soviets deported about a million people, men, women and children, from the Crimean Republic, and nobody protested. Between 1933 and 1939 the Left fought against Hitler because he created concentration camps and suppressed freedom; in the meantime the Right tried to come to terms with him. In 1946 the Left is silent about the unheard-of persecutions in Russia, about the 20,000,000 people in Russian concentration camps; while the opposition to Stalinism in the West is limited to a question of power politics. As far as I am concerned one is anti-Stalinist, not because of Trieste or the question of Persian oil, just in the same way as one was not anti-Nazi because Hitler wanted to annex Austria. We were anti-Nazis, and we are anti-Stalinists, for ethical reasons.

“Either the Left regains its ethical values or else the Left will be lost, and with it Socialism, the only hope to-day, will be lost too. That will mean the victory of this spirit of cynicism and terror which one sees at the international conferences of Moscow, Paris, etc. These black markets of peace.”

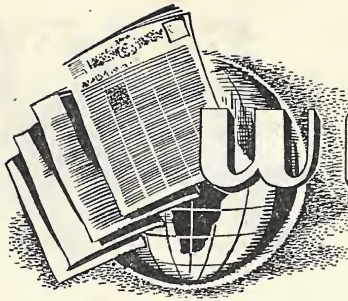
“And what do you conclude from all this?”

“In conclusion I shall tell a biblical story. Jacob left for Mesopotamia. He took service with Laban. Laban had two daughters; one was beautiful and was called Rachel, the other was ugly; her name was Leah. Jacob agreed to work for seven years, after which he would marry Rachael. Just before the wedding night old Laban put Leah in Rachel’s bed. And in the morning when Jacob woke up he found the ugly girl, instead of the beautiful one. For seven years I served the Communist Party; my awakening has been like Jacob’s.”

“Yes, but the story continues: Jacob worked another seven years and he obtained Rachel.”

“You are right,” Koestler said, smiling; “that’s perhaps the example to follow.”





# WORLD PRESS

## *panorama*

### Coalition in Britain?

I HEAR that, in a certain Tory club in St. James's Street, they are laying ten to one on a Coalition Government before Christmas. These rumours have cropped up every three or four months since the 1945 election, and recently they reached such dimensions that the Prime Minister himself took action privately to kill them. Partly, of course, they are caused by sheer wishful thinking. The Tories know that they are unlikely to win an election, and that, if they did so by some miracle, they could not possibly rule the country against organised Labour. Election or no election, therefore, a National Government is their only hope of a return to power. Another reason is the analogy of 1940. The Tory says to himself, "When the real crisis came in 1940, we had to call Labour in. This winter the country will be facing an equally desperate crisis, and this time too the Government will have to call on the Opposition in order to achieve national unity." The fallacy of this argument is that even if the Prime Minister, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison felt that they could carry the country through the crisis better with some Tories in the Cabinet; even if they managed to persuade some of the big trade union leaders to support them, and carried with them a large section of the Parliamentary Labour Party—even if all this happened, the Labour movement would certainly be split, and then the opposition leadership would pass to "the wild men." The Prime Minister would in fact be creating a really formidable opposition instead of the tame one which now faces him. Why on earth should he do so?

But there is one thing which could defeat the Labour Government—widespread and continuous unemployment. This might well destroy within six months the basis of the Government's power. Under conditions of full employment the working class will always have the whip-hand. As someone remarked to me the other day: "The Executive of the National Union of Miners is the power behind the throne to-day. Ten years ago it was the City of London." That is perfectly true, and exemplifies the shift of power which took place during the war and after the election. But it is equally

true that, with two million unemployed in this country, organised Labour would be forced back to the position which it held between the wars, and the whip-hand would pass to the employers, whatever government were in power.

—London "New Statesman."

### Civilisation's Future

IF I were a bookmaker, simply calculating the probabilities and leaving my own wishes out of account, I would give odds against the survival of civilisation within the next few hundred years. As far as I can see, there are three possibilities ahead of us:

1. That the Americans will decide to use the atomic bomb while they have it and the Russians haven't. This would solve nothing. It would do away with the particular danger that is now presented by the U.S.S.R., but would lead to the rise of new empires, fresh rivalries, more wars, more atomic bombs, etc. In any case this is, I think, the least likely outcome of the three, because a preventive war is a crime not easily committed by a country that retains any traces of democracy.

2. That the present "cold war" will continue until the U.S.S.R., and several other countries, have atomic bombs as well. Then there will only be a short breathing-space before whizz! go the rockets, whallop! go the bombs, and the industrial centres of the world are wiped out, probably beyond repair. Even if one state, or group of states, emerges from such a war as technical victor, it will probably be unable to build up the machine civilisation anew. The world, therefore, will once again be inhabited by a few million, or a few hundred million human beings living by subsistence agriculture, and probably, after a couple of generations, retaining no more of the culture of the past than a knowledge of how to smelt metals. Conceivably this is a desirable outcome, but obviously it has nothing to do with socialism.

3. That the fear inspired by the atomic bomb and other weapons yet to come will be so great that everyone will refrain from using them. This seems to me the worst possibility of all. It would mean the division of the world among two or three superstates, unable to conquer one another and unable to be overthrown by any internal rebellion. In all probability their structure would be hierarchic, with a semi-divine caste at the top and outright slavery at the bottom, and the crushing out of liberty would exceed anything that the world has yet seen. Within each state the necessary psychological atmosphere would be kept up by complete severance from the outer world, and by a continuous phony war against rival states. Civilisation of this type might remain static for thousands of years.

George Orwell in "Partisan Review."



—S.R.L.

### Family Life in Russia

THE visitor to Moscow is impressed by the reserve and bashfulness with which matters relating to love are treated. Sweethearts in films do not kiss each other on the lips. Nude statues have a covering. In modern dances, there is always sufficient room left between the partners for a third person. All this is not very surprising when we think of the veil of immorality which enshrouded the Soviet régime for a long time. It is true that a great change has been brought



about in the stabilisation of the family. Lenin, in 1915, three years before the advent of Bolshevism, clarified his ideas with regard to free love in a correspondence in the nature of a spiritual warfare which he conducted with one of his friends, Inessa Armand. If it is a question of eliminating prejudices about money, religion or class, the future creator of the new régime extols this liberation, but not to the point of advocating or supporting what he calls "superficial sexual relations." Passions and "futile" relations do not interest him. Family bonds, for him, must be solid and terminate according to the classic tradition of the Bible to Zola—in procreation.

Yet the U.S.S.R. never seemed somehow to give the right aspects to its aims. When I was fifteen, I was present at one of those simple registrations which constitute a marriage. It lasted only three minutes, and there were no witnesses, nor was there any discourse or reading of the laws.

Divorce was even a quicker business. All that was required was a card announcing the parties' intentions. Abortions were perfectly legal in the first years of the régime. The law considered everyone was free to create at will and likewise to destroy at will.

For many years now all that has been changed. Marriages, though conducted according to the same rules, are much more solemn affairs. Usually the room is decorated; the officiating priest warmly congratulates the newly wedded couple; speeches are made; sometimes even the bride wears white, and vodka is served at the reception following the ceremony.

Divorce has also become more difficult. Serious reasons are demanded. A time delay is imposed on the couple so that they can reflect, and a certain amount of publicity is given to their request. Also, it costs from 500 to 2,000 roubles to obtain satisfaction. Abortion is only permitted on medical advice in cases where the victim's health is endangered.

The Soviet Union takes pride in encouraging the growth of the family, which has become one of the foundations of its edifice. A mother who rears ten children receives the title of "Mère Héroïne," and the Order "Gloire Maternelle" is awarded to the mother who has seven, eight or nine children.

Paris "Le Mond Illustré."

\* \* \*

## Strife in France

THE French Communists form the largest party in both houses of Parliament, and numerically their party membership is the largest in France. In elections they rally something near to five times their enrolled strength, and they have started since last week's congress at Strasbourg a new campaign for member-

# THE SOVIETS AND THE MARSHALL PLAN

THE Franco-British proposals are based on the idea that United States assistance must be the "decisive factor" in the rehabilitation of the economic life of European countries. And what they are planning on this basis is, not assistance to the European countries, but American tutelage of Europe, with Britain and France in the rôle of American business managers in Europe, in the rôle of European bailiffs of the new transatlantic master. But this is a wrong idea and unacceptable to European countries. As Molotov pointed out at the Paris Conference, the European countries must attach "decisive importance to internal measures and to the national efforts of each country, rather than to hopes for foreign assistance, which must be of a subordinate nature." An example is provided by the Soviet Union, which, relying on its own resources, without any aid or credits from outside, restored and insured the rapid progress of its economy after the severe destruction and losses caused by the first world war and foreign intervention, and which to-day, too, after the enormous devastation caused by the Nazi invasion, is successfully restoring its national economy by its own efforts.

\* \* \*

IT stands to reason that the United States, whose productive capacity and national wealth, far from suffering from hostilities, greatly increased during the war, might (and it is its moral duty to) help the efforts of the European countries which Hitler devastated, and thereby speed up their economic rehabilitation. Sensible people in America believe, and quite rightly, that such assistance would be entirely in the interests of the United States as a nation, inasmuch as the outlines of the looming crisis are becoming more and more clearly discernible in the transatlantic republic. But such assistance is only acceptable on a basis of democratic international co-operation. In the plans proposed by Bevin and Bidault, however, the relations between the United States and its British and French intermediaries, on the one hand, and the European countries, on the other, are definitely in the nature of the "co-operation" between horseman and horse.

Naturally, no country possessing national pride, and respecting and valuing its sovereignty, can agree to this sort of "co-operation." That is why the Soviet Union, which is consistently pursuing a policy of developing international co-operation on a basis of equality of all democratic countries and mutual respect for their interests, rejected the Franco-British plan as leading to interference in the internal affairs of the European countries, as bringing them under the sway of United States finance capital.

—MOSCOW "NEW TIMES."

ship. Under this plan they will admit as party members anyone who will join, and do not require acceptance of the Communist doctrine. They control the General Federation of Labour, the largest of the trade union organisations. They have the sympathy of one wing of the Socialist party, which, restive under Léon Blum's humanistic leadership, would like to see a closer combination, grouping all working classes.

In the middle course is Premier Ramadier, disinclined to conciliate the Communists for fear of seeing the Socialists fall into their control and hoping to keep around him all the middle forces in France to resist the more dynamic influences on both the left and right. The latter forces can find the only serious leadership in De Gaulle. Their weakness is that, whether they wish it or not, they have also the support of all those interests most discredited by the war—the rem-

nants of Vichy, Nazi collaborators, monarchists, and all the inveterate reactionaries.

Observers believe that the collapse of the Marshall plan will stimulate the Communists to desperate action to break up France's collaboration with the Western powers. The struggle in France will be intensified. These factors will at the same time strengthen the rightists through the opinion of those in France who will disapprove of Moscow's action in dividing the nations of Europe.

Strenuous efforts will be made to bolster the present Cabinet combination, for its path will be strewn with tank and booby traps on every side. Its best chance of preventing Ramadier becoming another Kerensky or a Victor Emmanuel will rest with its ability to weather the financial storm and get France working on its wealth of natural resources.

N.Y. "Herald-Tribune."



# The Indians Of The Transvaal Republic

INDIANS did not enter the Transvaal until after the signing of the Pretoria Convention of 1881.

Before this there existed in the Republic two laws relating to occupation of land by non-Europeans, viz. :—

1. Volksraad Besluit No. 159 of the 18th June, 1855, which enacted that nobody who was not a Burger (all coloured persons were excluded from the burger right) was entitled to hold landed property in the Republic.
2. Volksraad Besluit No. 104 of the 25th September, 1871, which provided that no erfholder in any village in the Republic was entitled to allow the congregating of coloured persons on his erf or erven beyond those required for his special services, and he was not entitled to allow coloured persons who were not under contract with him and who did not derive their maintenance from him to live or congregate on his erf or erven.

But a study of the Pretoria Convention clearly shows that the white races and Natives in the country alone were contemplated. It was only after 1884 that legislation relating to Asiatics was proposed.

As Indian traders continued to migrate into the Transvaal from Natal, anti-Asiatic feeling began to be aroused among the European inhabitants. This probably owed its origin to the antipathy of the white people to anything approaching equality between the white and the coloured races rather than to trade jealousy, for the principle that no such equality should be allowed was reiterated in the various Grondwets of the Republic.

\* \* \*

ASIATICS could not be forbidden to enter the Transvaal owing to the provisions of Article 14 of the London Convention of 1884. This provided that all persons, other than Natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the S.A. Republic

- (a) would have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel or reside in any part of the S.A. Republic;
- (b) would be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and premises;
- (c) might carry on their commerce either in person, or by any agents whom they might think fit to employ;
- (d) would not be subject to any taxes other than those which were imposed upon citizens of the Republic.

The Republican Government afterwards made constant and persistent efforts by

means of legislative enactments and Volksraad resolutions to mitigate what they regarded as a serious evil. Asiatics usually resided on their business premises, and owing to their alleged insanitary habits and mode of living were thought to be a source of danger to the public health.

Memorials and petitions were presented to the Volksraad, strongly urging that the influx of Asiatics should be prevented by law and that the "Arabians and Coolies" should be isolated within their own locations, quite separate from the white population.

Counter petitions were presented to the Volksraad by Indian merchants of a superior class, who drew attention to the difference between themselves and "Coolies, Chinese, etc.," and prayed that their demands might be acceded to.

\* \* \*

BEFORE any legislative action was taken, these petitions were forwarded by the Republican Government to the Imperial Government in a letter dated 6th

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By  
*Michael Vane*

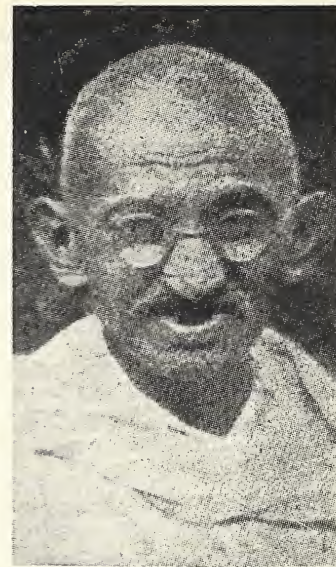
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January, 1885, in which the latter was asked for its views on the question. Considerable correspondence ensued, from which the Republican Government concluded that the British Government had waived its right to insist upon the strict interpretation of the London Convention.

Thereupon, the Volksraad proceeded to pass Law 3 of 1885, which was based on the general principle that no equality between the white and coloured races should be tolerated. It enacted that persons belonging to the aboriginal races of Asia, including thereunder the so-called Coolies, Arabs, Malays and Mahommedan subjects of the Turkish Empire

- (a) should not acquire the rights of citizenship in the South African Republic;
- (b) should not be owners of landed property in the Republic;
- (c) should, as far as those who settled in the Republic with the object of trading, etc., have their names inscribed in a register kept by the district Landdrost.

The Government was given the right to assign special streets, wards and locations for habitation by them.



Mahatma Gandhi

It is, of course, obvious that Law 3 was in conflict with the provisions of Article 14 of the London Convention. The fact that the S.A. Republic ever signed this Convention would appear to show what a powerful stake Britain had in the Transvaal before the Anglo-Boer war; for, following the passing of Law 3 and other laws relating to Indian matters, an immense amount of correspondence was entered into between the Government of Great Britain and the Republican Government. The British High Commissioner pointed out that Law 3 as passed was a breach of the understanding upon which the British Government had waived its right to insist upon the strict interpretation of the terms of the London Convention, and said that the Secretary of State had understood that the proposed legislation would not apply to "Arab traders or merchants" but to "Indian or Chinese Coolie immigrants."

This version of the understanding was not accepted by the Transvaal Government. The State Secretary of the Republic emphasised to the High Commissioner in a letter dated the 6th September 1886 that it was necessary for sanitary reasons and in the interests of public health that Asiatics should be set aside in separate residential areas. He proposed certain amendments to Law 3 of 1885 with the authorisation of the Volksraad.

The High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, replied to this letter on the 24th September, 1886, that "although the amended law is still a contravention of the 14th Article of the Convention of London, I shall not advise Her Majesty's Government to offer further opposition to it in view of your Honour's opinion that it is necessary for the protection of public health." Finally, on the 4th November,



1886, the Secretary of State intimated that the British Government no longer raised any objections to the legislation in regard to "Asiatic traders," having regard to the amendments which the Volksraad had introduced.

The amendments in question dealt with the ownership of landed property. Asiatics were allowed to own property in "such streets, wards and locations" as the Government for purposes of sanitation would assign to them.

It is clear that the reasons for the enactment of Law 3 of 1885 were sanitary and not economic. The Republican Government did not strictly enforce the law. Indians were permitted not only to trade but to reside outside locations, and were even allowed to own fixed property outside locations through a nominal European trustee.

AFTER the passing of Law 3 of 1885, the Transvaal Government started to assign locations for Asiatic occupation in some towns of the Republic. The Government held the view that trading as well as residence outside these locations was forbidden, and refused licences to Indians wishing to trade outside.

In August, 1888, a case was heard in the High Court of the Transvaal in which an Indian firm, Ismail Suliman and Co., applied for an order compelling the Landdrost to issue to it a trading licence in Middelburg on a spot situated outside the Indian location area. The Court refused this application, as it would be inconsistent with the spirit of Law 3 of 1885 to draw a distinction between "living" and "trading."

Following this ruling, the Indians appealed to the British Government. The latter maintained that it was never intended that Asiatics should be confined to locations except for residential purposes and for sanitary reasons; that Law 3 referred only to such residence and did not restrict Asiatics from trading anywhere they wished. A dispute between the British and Transvaal Governments continued in the form of protests and correspondence for several years, during which time no very active steps were taken by the Transvaal Government to enforce the law against Indians who continued to carry on business in the townships.

After several years of correspondence, with no satisfactory settlement, it was agreed to submit the matter to arbitration, the Chief Justice of the Orange Free State, Mr. Melius de Villiers, being appointed arbitrator. The arbitrator in his award, dated 2nd April, 1895, decided that the S.A. Republic was entitled to give full force and effect to Law 3 of 1885 as amended in 1886, subject to sole and exclusive interpretation in the ordinary course by the tribunals of the country.

A Commission was thereupon appointed

to investigate the administration of Law 3. In its report, it stated that the Government had entertained difficulties in carrying into execution the provisions of this law, as the locations for Asiatics had not been surveyed and beaconed off. After these locations had been so defined, the Commission recommended that Law 3 should be "immediately applied and rigorously maintained."

THE Volksraad adopted this report, but no immediate steps were taken to enforce the law strictly. Indians were permitted to trade and to reside outside locations. In 1898 a Government notice was issued that "Indians and other Asiatics who are not yet living or carrying on their business in the locations set aside, but in conflict with the law are still living and carrying on their business on their premises in towns or other prohibited areas shall, through instructions of the Landdrost or Mining Commissioner or on their instructions to the Veld Cornet, before the 1st January, 1899, in

with these notices, and no effect appears to have been given to them before the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war in 1899.

THE Indians showed as rooted an objection to being confined to separate areas in the Transvaal in those days as they have done in all parts of South Africa ever since. Though Asiatic locations were established by the Republican Government in no fewer than 45 towns and villages, these were never popular. By 1930 many of them had been closed down, as they were entirely unoccupied. Only in isolated instances, e.g., Pretoria and Verceniging, was there any occupation of Asiatic locations on a substantial scale, and there only because these adjoined Native locations, the inhabitants of which provided trade to Asiatic storekeepers.

Another probable reason for the reluctance of the Republican Government to carry out its own laws was the constant pressure exercised by the British Government, whose agent at Pretoria was incessantly raising protests on behalf of the Indians.

Whatever the reason, however, when the Boer War broke out a large number of Indians were living and carrying on business in several of the towns of the Republic. What the Asiatic population of the Transvaal was in 1899 it would be impossible to say with certainty, but Dr. Krause, in his evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Assembly, stated that it was about 17,000. They were mostly Indians, and chiefly Mahomedan traders who held leases of the premises which they occupied in the townships for business as well as residential purposes; but in many cases they were permitted to acquire these premises by purchase and own them through nominal European trustees.

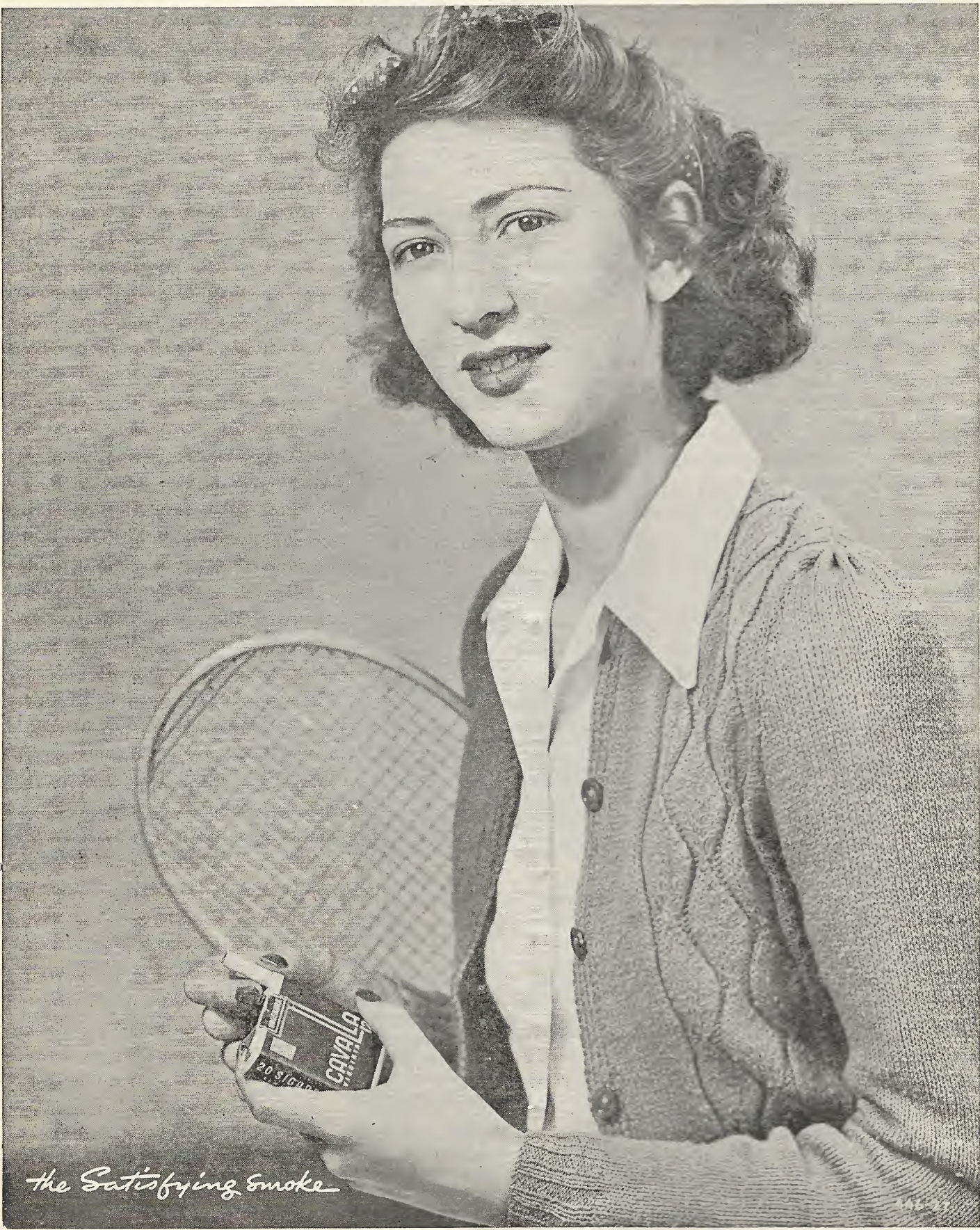


terms of Law 3 of 1885, Volksraad Proclamation 1419, 12th August, 1886, live and carry on their business in the specified locations."

Indians were given three to six months, according to the size of their businesses, in which to comply with the law. Those who wished were to submit claims for grace and give reasons, and the applications of those who did so were to receive favourable consideration. Ground for the erection of shops would be made available.

Indians who had long-term leases which had not fallen due were invited to submit their claims and reasons to the Landdrost or Mining Commissioner, who would in turn inform the Government. The Indians, acting it is said on the advice of the British agent at Pretoria, did not comply





*the Satisfying Smoke*



# LEAVES *from* my DIARY



SOUTH African authors have good grounds for feeling humble these days since Miss Kathleen Lindsay decided to take up residence in the Union. The name Lindsay may not convey much to readers, but then that is only one of the seven names under which Miss Lindsay turns out an average of 19 books a year. Talking to the Press, this astonishing woman was modest enough to declare that some of her 200 books "are just pot-boilers."

I thought of Olive Schreiner's *cri de coeur* when I read those words. "Why must I write everything with my blood? Other people don't. And I could write in water three novels a year . . ."

Even at three a year Olive Schreiner would have looked a selling-plater beside the inexhaustible Miss Lindsay. Edgar Wallace, who, on a diet of many cups of sweet tea and a few packets of cigarettes, was known to turn out a best-selling thriller over the week-end, used to be regarded as an author who had overcome the sweaty mechanics of the craft. But his was the pace of the ox alongside this Scottish-born wonder-woman.

THE mechanics of book-writing have long interested me. My ideal is John Galsworthy, who, before lunch, used to sit down and offload 400 words, and then proceed to live the life of a gracious country gentleman. Arnold Bennett is probably the most rewarding example for the nascent writer. His Journals should be on the shelves of all aspirants to literary fame.

In them you can live inside the workshop of a very successful author's mind. They present a perfect example of Somerset Maugham's theory that the important part of a writer's life is the way in which "he feeds his sub-conscious." Bennett fed his sub-conscious on regular doses of Art Galleries and frequent strolls round the block.

To him writing was a steady process of emptying and filling his mind with new scenes and new experiences. His curiosity was the goad always pricking him into new avenues of discovery.

LIKE Bernard Shaw, he made of himself a writing machine. Having created the machine, it made its own demands upon him and gave him no rest until he was at work again. The result was that, instead of feeling an urge to sit back having completed a new play or a new novel, he was restless and irritable until the machinery of his mind got busy again

making fresh literary patterns.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to say: "Anyone can write a short story. Not so many can write even a bad book. It's the length that kills."

I have met writers who can compose a new chapter surrounded by the uproar of a popular café. The majority of us favour the ivory tower.

OUR own Sarah Gertrude Millin cultivates her insomnia as an aid to writing. I am not sure that those illusions of grandeur which steal upon one in the small hours when the rest of the world is asleep are not upsetting to the sense of proportion. The stars always look nearer when you feel you are looking at them alone.

Alexander Campbell with his steady output shows signs of having at least mastered the mechanics of production. To be in journalism does not necessarily mean that book-writing comes naturally. Jour-

*Oliver Wafer*

nalists who take their craft seriously are especially aware of the dangers of facility and the snares of topicality.

In Johannesburg the garish tempo of living does not provide enough time to stand and stare. The big novel which this city deserves and demands has not yet been written. We have a roaring, husky, a-moral panorama. And it shouts to high heaven for satire. Perhaps if Miss Lindsay is not too busy one of these fine afternoons, she will sit down and do the necessary.

I CANNOT leave the matter of women-authors without recalling Max Beer-



"The plumbers were ready and we didn't dare put them off." S.R.L.

bohm's tale of an encounter with a formidable blue-stocking who, at a dinner party, more or less talked him under the table—an achievement that few men have been able to boast of.

Beerbohm admitted to an old-fashioned prejudice against intelligent women—and especially women who wrote books. After his experience at dinner he relates how he happened to be week-ending at a friend's house and found himself alone in the library on a stormy, cold night with a shelf full of books by this very woman who had affronted him.

He took down one of the abhorred works, and settled himself by the fire to digest it and take his revenge by a cold, undisturbed analysis of its merits. It was, as he suspected, a work of flimsy, capricious, illogical character. Having assured himself of this, he leaned forward and tossed it into the fire.

The book, a solid, well-bound edition, burned very slowly—so slowly, indeed, that gradually the fire died lower and still half the book was unscathed. The air grew colder and Beerbohm stoked the volume impatiently among the embers, trying to dispose of the body. But in vain. Before the last leaves of the book had kindled the fire had been extinguished, and Beerbohm was left shivering and defeated once again by the imperishable quality of a femme formidable.

TO preserve the literary note: There was one question asked in a recent Sunday night radio "Cross-Country Quiz" that had me clamouring in my seat to provide the wanted answer (which neither Durban nor Johannesburg could provide). It was an inquiry as to the name of the Rider Haggard character whose memory has lately been preserved on a plaque in Maritzburg.

This was a reference to Umslopogaas, of "King Solomon's Mines," whose proper name was M'hlopekazi, a boss-boy under Shepstone ("Somsteu") and a real fighting type in his day. Haggard in his memoirs tells of a conversation between M'hlopekazi and a Maritzburg official long after Haggard had gone overseas and become famous.

M'hlopekazi: "Is it true that Indanda (Haggard) has been using my name largely in books that he has written?"

Official: "Yes, it is true, M'hlopekazi."

M'hlopekazi: "So! Now what does Indanda do with the books when he has written them?"

Official: "He sells them, M'hlopekazi."

M'hlopekazi: "Then when you meet Indanda across the Black Water you must tell him that as he earns money by writing about me it is right and just that he send me half the money."

Haggard, when he heard of this, sent M'hlopekazi a handsome hunting knife.



# A HEALTH CENTRE IN ACTION

FOR several years the name "Health Centre" has been at once a challenge and an inspiration, to my thinking and writing; the term is positive, meaningful and alive with hope; it has come to stay.

Ever since the pioneer Centre was opened at Polela, in Natal, (then called a "Health Unit"), I have been in touch with the successful experiment of the Doctors Kark and enjoyed watching the steady and sturdy growth of their effort, initiated and developed under the Health Department of the Union.

During the past four years other similar Centres have been established at strategic places in our land, and are developing with equal success; the movement has passed the experimental stage and has become an achievement.

It has been my privilege to watch the starting and growth of another of these Centres, established a year ago in a peri-urban slum area, among a needy Coloured community, and my visits to this place and contacts with its staff have inspired this article, which has been "vetted" by the medical officer in charge, and is issued with the approval of the "authorities."

\* \* \*

THE buildings are unpretentious, but suited to the present needs. (An expensive pile would be out-of-keeping in a district of pondokkies!) Larger quarters will soon, however, become essential from the rapid growth of the service; they are centrally situated, on a bus route.

Various doors lead from the waiting-hall to the consulting and treatment-rooms, the dispensary and laboratory. At the rear of this building are two re-erected Army hutments; these house the dental surgery, a consulting room for the other medical officer (who, by the way, is a woman), and waiting rooms.

"Special Sessions" have a room to themselves; this new term includes Child welfare, pre- and post-natal work, and related services; a lecture-hall, staff and storerooms go to make up the rest of the building.

A lawn is being planted, a large vegetable garden laid out for demonstration purposes, and other amenities are planned to meet the growing needs of this Community Service.

Two nursing sisters are employed at the Centre; one of these is also used in the District as a medical case-worker. She visits the homes and sees that the doctors' instructions are carried out there.

A dentist is at work all day and practically every day, meeting the deplorable conditions found in the local mouths.

Two health assistants, both Coloured men, are at work in the district; they spend most of their time in making contacts with the local families; there are also three Coloured workers on the team.

Keen interest, hard work, competent service and a fine team-spirit on the part of the whole staff, such are the strong impressions formed in my mind, as the result of various visits.

\* \* \*

THREE points may be noted in passing:

- (1) The matter of fees is never mentioned, no payment is asked, or expected, for any services given.
- (2) A notice at the door states that men can be seen on Sunday mornings (also by appointment, at other times).
- (3) Each client is invited to choose his own day and time for an "interview" with the doctor (within the elastic hours during which the place is open).

Before the Centre was opened a preli-

By

Dr. Lewis E. Hertslet

minary survey was conducted of a "sample area" in which social, environmental and health conditions were noted; this is essential for the planning of such work; the survey was complemented by medical inspection of the school children in the area; all this forms part of the programme of Social Medicine.

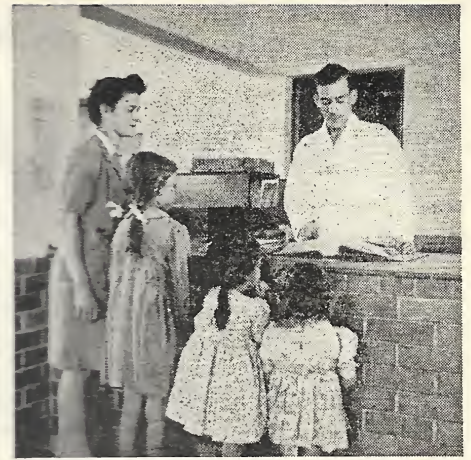
The main troubles thus discovered were various states of malnutrition, intestinal worms, skin infections, infestation with vermin, and worst of all, bad teeth.

A whole-time dentist thus became a high priority, and was supplied early in the programme of action.

Following this initial survey, the doors were opened, and a general invitation issued to the people to come and be seen by the doctors; no matter whether they wanted a tooth pulled, a sore treated, or worms removed, they must go through a general medical examination; the report on this goes with the person to the dentist, the ante-natal nurse, or elsewhere, and all further dealings and developments are recorded in the same file.

\* \* \*

NONE but those who have worked under such conditions can fully realise the value of the method; a vital medico-social background is supplied which helps



At the Counter.

greatly in diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation; unexpected causes of the trouble, both physical and psychical emerge from such a "whole" study of the position, and the treatment given to one member may well be found to be inadequate until it has been applied to others of the household.

The individual coming for aid is not thought of, or dealt with, just as "a case," but is always treated as a personality with special needs and conditions; he must have (and gets) a thorough examination, including tests for V.D., a too-common disease in so many areas; other routine investigations are made, and some tests carried out, not usually made by general practitioners.

"Special Sessions" — take an increasingly large place in the services of the Centre: these are run much as in the ordinary clinics but are always closely linked with the other departmental activities.

Treatment of actual diseases, naturally, plays an important part; this is of great value in providing frequent intimate contacts and in promoting confidence, to say nothing of producing a higher standard of health.

Attention is also given to the big matter of health education; posters and pamphlets are used in the waiting rooms; film-talks are held, and lectures to special groups, but the main work here is via the health-assistants, whose personal influence in the actual homes is planned to deal with the problems of family health-making, as and when they arise—this is a *ker-position* and is used to the full.

One result may be noted, in passing, of the family album arrangement; it is the excellent relationship built up between the home and the centre, between the "patient" and the health-team.

The person is not just treated, cured, and told not to come back again until he is sick, but he learns to be interested in improving his own health, that of his family, and so that of the district. He gains, too, a community spirit and learns



to work for the benefit of his neighbours. He remains permanently attached to the Centre, he feels he "belongs," and begins to carry its spirit of good-will and healthiness into all departments of his life and work.

\* \* \*

**H**EALTH assistants are the chief field-workers, and provide the main contacts with every home and family in the area; regular visits are made and special ones, as needed; planned reports are submitted by them to the Medical Officer; each of such workers is expected to handle (with tact) some 50 families. This allocation naturally varies with the density of the population. Their work forms an essential part of the whole programme as they conduct the Basic survey and supply Progress Notes as the weeks go by.

The centre of this complex circle of goings and doings, the "point of rest" (and of action!) in the varied picture has now to be revealed.

This is the holding of a **weekly conference**, which must be attended by all the trained workers on the staff; each is expected to contribute his or her share to the common pool of information.

It has been my privilege to attend such a staff conference and so I am able to assess its value.

The plan goes thus:

The Medical Officer chooses one family, that is in special need of help.

He goes through its "album" and extracts all the facts that have been recorded about each member of the household (including lodgers, if any).

He considers every angle. **Medical** (clinical discoveries, Dental conditions and other points); **Social** (facts and figures obtained as to ages, numbers, relationships, sexes, legitimacy, wages, etc., of the family); **Environmental** (conditions of house, yard, garden, sanitation, water, sleeping arrangements, etc.), and **Extra-Mural** (school, church, help received from other agencies, nature of employment, recreations, etc.). Some of these points have been obtained (in confidence) from voluntary and official organisations serving the district, including schools, churches, hospitals and charitable societies; others came via the Health Assistants.

From these facts and figures he builds up a composite picture and proceeds to write the salient features in tabulated form—on the blackboard! This is done before the time of the staff meeting.

**T**HE position is then tackled in scientific fashion—thus: All the essential points are discussed in terms of cause and effect. The special problems of the family are formulated. Various solutions are proffered by each member of the conference. Short and long range recommendations are adopted. These are allocated

to the team-members for putting into effect. Reports on further developments are made as need arises. The whole situation is rediscussed in six months' time. The co-operation is sought of other organisations, whose help is needed, such as the Child Life Protection Society, Legal Aid Bureau, Community Centre, non-Support Officer, and the like.

On the day of my visit the total recorded of such specific plans for the rehabilitation of one family was twenty. (It may extend to thirty or more, according to conditions and needs!).

The list included such items as these:  
1. Transfer of three illegitimate children to a "Sunshine Home." (They were T.B. contacts.)

2. Pressing for old-age pension for the head of the house. (He was 80, and had been earning 2s. 6d. a week as a "herd.")

3. Treatment of three V.D. cases discovered. (The family consisted of ten people, all living in one room.)

4. An attempt to find better quarters. (The walls and roof were of unlined corrugated iron and leaked badly; the floor was of rotten wood.)

5. Something to be done about water-supply. (They were using an open hole in the ground.)

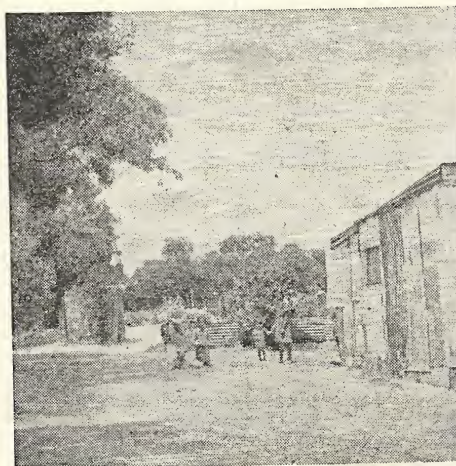
6. Help about buying food-stuffs, especially vegetables, at market rates. (The total monthly income was seven pounds!)

7. Hole to be dug for refuse and night soil. (No collection is done.) This to be converted into covered compost-pit; good manure thus to be provided for a planned vegetable garden, and in this way, worms and fly-carried diseases to be fought.

\* \* \*

**A**S indicated above, the measures taken are by no means limited to the Health Centre workers. People may be referred to the District Surgeon, to private doctors, to hospitals, or to the District nurse, for special treatments, or investigations, when occasion arises, as it does every day.

Work is done, too, with regard to local amenities in the direction of Promotive



The Home



The Laboratory

Health, creches, playing-fields, nursery-schools, water-supplies, milk-depots, markets, refuse-removal and the like.

During the year this centre opened, about three thousand people have paid visits and there are now a thousand families on its books.

May I summarise a few of the points I have learned about these Health Centres?

1. The sicknesses and pains of the people receive immediate attention.
2. Certain diseases are prevented.
3. Families are taught to use their small incomes to the best advantage.
4. They are helped to regain their self-respect and raise their standards of living.
5. Health-education is given constantly.
6. The surveys (basic and supplementary) reveal prevailing conditions and provide facts and figures for reforms, local and general.
7. Approaches are made to the local Authorities for improvements needed in the area.
8. A sound and scientific attack is made on the complex problems of the district concerned.

This must be said in conclusion:

We should have had the vision and courage to start on such a plan long ago.

I am impressed and cheered by the whole programme, and believe that in such a service lies the future of Social Medicine in the New Era.

All Health Centres are still inadequately staffed; there is a shortage of trained personnel.

This shortage is **now** being met by the establishment of a Training Centre near Durban, where doctors, nurses, health assistants and others are receiving the specialised teaching and inspiration that are essential to the success of the whole scheme.

Volunteers (of all races and both sexes) are needed for this up-to-date and challenging service, that is planned to extend widely and quickly.

If I were 20 years younger I would volunteer at once.





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# PROFILES

MUSIC soared up the great dome of the hall as the conductor prodded the symphony, passing the melody from instrument to instrument. Small and proud, he beat out the rhythm of a pagan tempo, iron-and-silver hair flooding the great curve of his head. In the audience a music teacher sat, nodding his head to each beat. For him music was mathematics, so many half-beats to the bar. In a student's eyes a ballet danced, and he punctuated the music with his nervous tapping foot. A workman saw sylvan scenes, and to a shopgirl music was colour, changing, flowing with the forward movement of sound; and a small boy listened for the melody, losing it in the sweltering background of sound which had no meaning for him. For me it was motion and form, lifting me up through the dome, out into the night's cold star-clusters.

\* \* \*

THE conservatoire to which Desire Defauw was sent in his eighth year looked thus to him. A small lad with a half lisp, he came golden with childhood, wondering, listening. "What will you learn?" they had asked him, and shifting his weight onto one foot, he rubbed his heel against his shin, reflecting. He reflected that for five years he had now been playing the piano; five years were many out of his eight. "I will learn the violin," he answered with the surety of childhood, "for I already **know** the piano!"

Education came as a restriction for him. It was more a matter of unlearning than learning. His clear musical soul was pressed between invisible bars; his music was made to conform to the severe beats of a baton. One, two, one, two . . . had music's wings been clipped? Where was the open pagan fire at which he had warmed young hands? If outside green wisps of spring heralded a bright day, and earth bore a gracious cloak of sunshine, could not the melody carry a lighter ring? Had the bow always to move so, up and down, pressure here, no pressure there? Could not, sometimes, Bach run riotously out of the page? Was there no expression for summer's gaiety, for the feel of a new melody . . . All thought and expression had to be packed quickly between the counts of the metronome, or they would be lost, lost. Music was now a big temple, cold and marble-halled. The great givers of music had closed their eyes like the statues, and withdrawn life.

"I MUST have been a bad pupil," Defauw reflects to-day. He has never taken a pupil, but some of his frustrations come through when he says that if he were to teach a boy of nine, he would give him a violin and tell him to pull the bow across the strings until he found sound and tone he liked. He would teach him to enjoy music, to come to it in freedom and happiness.

Somewhere in that "big temple" Defauw rekindled his fire. He brought it out of his adolescence for all the world to warm their hands. At nineteen he began touring the world, and has never ceased to tour it. At first he was a violinist. Soon he won audiences as a conductor, the bright dramatic fire of his interpretation catching the public imagination. For ten years he made his headquarters in London, where he was elected conductor of the New London Symphony Orchestra, a body of players founded by Walter Handel Thorley. From London he went all over Europe, conducting in Berlin and Vienna, Budapest, Stockholm, Rome and Paris and Amsterdam . . . in the world's capitals.

By

*Adele Sherman*

In his native Belgium the orchestra he founded was known as Concerts' Defauw, and with it he won fame for his presentation of the nine Beethoven symphonies in four concerts. Then the Government called upon him to accept the position of Director of the Brussels Royal Conservatoire of Music, a position he still holds. Each year he returns from his wanderings to conduct a great music festival during the month of May. And he was appointed Musical Director of the Radio—a position to which one could wish similar people be appointed for our own radio.

In the United States Toscanini asked Defauw to conduct his orchestra in New York, and in the past four years, Defauw has made regular tours of the States, conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, as well as directing Le Concert Symphonique of Montreal. His public is a vast one, but everywhere he has won their enthusiasm, as much for his conducting as for the lovable personality conveyed to them in simple gestures, like his bow.

\* \* \*

I VISITED Defauw at his room in the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg, just after his first concert in this city. A Sibelius score was on one side of his desk,



DESIRE DEFAUW: "MUSIC WAS TO ME A TEMPLE"

and in his hand an Afrikaans novel which he finds he can read through his knowledge of Flemish. I asked him whether, touring from country to country, he found it necessary to reinterpret a work . . . did each country give him different feelings about a composer's work? But he said except for small fluctuations, people responded to music in remarkably similar ways. One composer might be more popular in one country than another, but the music itself remained a universal language.

I commented on Tuesday night's audience. I had felt its unusual enthusiasm, the lethargy out of which the people had been aroused from the moment of the dramatic opening of "Die Stem" and "God Save the King." They had felt the benefit of two earlier conductors upon the orchestra. Sargent's meticulousness and Coates' poetry, welded that night in Defauw's conducting. He too had felt the audience's response. Not so much in their applause, he told me, as in their silences, in their listening. They had been inspiring, they had been co-workers. For so young a city he felt that Johannesburg's musical activities had sprung ahead amazingly.

Defauw is a lively, seemingly contented man whose whole activity is directed towards music. This one-sidedness seems a quality essential to some great figures, and Defauw, like them, sees life only through the mirror of his medium. Art, movement, colour, love, all in terms of sound. Friendly, good-humoured, quick-witted, Defauw kept up the flow of conversation all through our interview, and then, as I bade him good-bye, half-bowed and, turning, picked up his Sibelius score . . .



# THE TRAIN FROM RHODESIA

THE train came out of the red horizon and bore down towards them over the single straight track.

The stationmaster came out of his little brick station with its pointed chalet roof, feeling the creases in his serge uniform in his legs as well. A stir of preparedness rippled through the squatting native vendors waiting in the dust; the face of a carved wooden animal, eternally surprised, stuck out of a sack. The stationmaster's barefoot children wandered over. From the grey mud huts with the untidy heads that stood within a decorated mud wall, chickens and dogs with their skin stretched like parchment over their bones followed the piccanins down to the track. The flushed and perspiring west cast a reflection, faint, without heat, upon the station, upon the tin shed marked "Goods," upon the walled kraal, upon the grey tin house of the stationmaster; and upon the sand, that lapped all around, from sky to sky, cast little, rhythmical cups of shadow, so that the sand became the sea, and closed over the children's black feet softly and without imprint.

The stationmaster's wife sat behind the mesh of her verandah. Above her head the hunk of a sheep's carcass moved a little, dangling in a current of air.

They waited.

The train called out, along the sky; but there was no answer; and the cry hung on: I'm coming . . . I'm coming . . .

The engine flared out now, big, whisking a dwindling body behind it; the track flared out to let it in.

Creaking, jerking, jolting, gasping, the train filled the station.

HERE, let me see that one—the young woman curved her body further out of the corridor window. Missus? smiled the old boy, looking at the creatures he held in his hand. From a piece of string on his grey finger hung a tiny woven basket; he lifted it, questioning. No, no, she urged, leaning down towards him, across the height of the train, towards the man in the piece of old rug; that one, that one, her hand commanded. It was a lion, carved out of soft dry wood that looked like sponge-cake; heraldic, black and white, with impressionistic detail burnt in. The old man held it up to her, still smiling, not from the heart, but at the customer. Between its Vandyke teeth, in the mouth opened in an endless roar too terrible to be heard, it had a black tongue. Look, said the young husband, if you don't mind! And round the neck of the thing, a piece of fur (rat? rabbit? meerkat?); a real mane, majestic, telling you somehow that

the artist had delight in the lion.

All up and down the length of the train in the dust the artists sprang, walking bent, like performing animals, the better to exhibit the fantasy held towards the faces on the train. Buck, startled and still, staring from round black and white eyes. More lions, standing erect, grappling with strange, thin, elongated warriors who clutched spears and showed no fear in their wooden slits of eyes. How much, they asked from the train, how much?

Give me a penny, said the little ones with nothing to sell. The dogs went and sat, quite still, under the dining car, where the train breathed out the smell of meat cooking with onion.

A man passed beneath the arch of reaching arms meeting grey-black and white in the exchange of money for the staring wooden eyes, the stiff wooden legs sticking up in the air; went along under the voices and the bargaining, interro-

bread, and burst through the iron gate and up the path through the garden in which nothing grew.

Passengers drew themselves in at the corridor windows and turned into compartments to fetch money, to call someone to look. Those sitting inside looked up; suddenly different, caged faces, boxed in, cut off, after the contact of outside. There was an orange a piccanin would like . . . What about that chocolate? It wasn't very nice . . .

A young girl had collected a handful of the hard kind, that no one liked, out of the chocolate box, and was throwing them to the dogs, over at the dining car. But the hens darted in, and swallowed the chocolates, incredibly quick and accurate, before they had even dropped into the dust, and the dogs, a little bewildered, looked up with their brown eyes, not expecting anything.

\* \* \*

NO, leave it, said the girl; don't take it . . .

Too expensive, too much; she shook her head and raised her voice to the old boy, giving up the lion. He held it up where she had handed it to him. No, she said, shaking her head. Three-and-six? insisted her husband, loudly. Yes, baas! laughed the boy. Three and six?—the young man was incredulous. Oh, leave it, she said. The young man stopped. Don't you want it? he said, keeping his face closed to the boy. No, never mind, she said; leave it. The old native kept his head on one side, looking up at them sideways, holding the lion. Three-and-six, he murmured, as old people repeat things to themselves.

The young woman drew her head in. She went into the coupé and sat down. Out of the window, on the other side, there was nothing; sand and bush; a thorn tree. Back through the open doorway, past the figure of her husband in the corridor, the voices, wooden animals waving, running feet. Her eye followed the funny little valance of scrolled wood that outlined the chalet roof of the station-house; she thought of the lion and smiled. That bit of fur round the neck. But the wooden buck, the hippos, the elephants, the baskets that already bulked out of their brown paper under the seat and on the luggage rack. How will they look at home? Where will you put them? What will they mean away from the places you found them? Away from the unreality of the last few weeks? The man outside. But he is not part of the unreality; he is for good now. Odd . . . somewhere there was an idea that he, that living with him, was part of the holiday, the strange places.

## A SHORT STORY

By

*Nadine Gordimer*

gating the wheels. Past the dogs; glancing up at the dining car where he could stare at the faces, behind glass, drinking beer, two by two, on either side of a uniform railway vase with its pale dead flower. Right to the end, to the guard's van, where the stationmaster's children had just collected their mother's two loaves of bread; and the engine itself, where the stationmaster and the driver stood talking against the steaming complaint of the resting beast.

The man called out to them, something loud and joking. They turned to laugh, in a swirl of steam. The two children careered over the sand, clutching the





Outside, a bell rang. The stationmaster was leaning against the end of the train, green flag rolled in readiness. A few men who had got down to stretch their legs sprang on to the train, clinging to the observation platforms, or perhaps merely standing on the iron step, holding the rail; but on the train, safe from the one dusty platform, the one tin house, the empty sand.

There was a grunt. The train jerked. Through the glass the beer-drinkers looked out, as if they could not see beyond it. Behind the fly-screen, the stationmaster's wife sat facing back at them beneath the darkening hunk of meat.

There was a shout. The flag drooped out. Joints not yet co-ordinated, the segmented body of the train heaved and bumped back against itself. It began to move; slowly the scrolled chalet moved past it, the yells of the natives, running alongside, jetted up into the air, fell back at different levels. Staring wooden faces waved drunkenly, there, then gone, questioning for the last time at the windows. Here, one-and-six, baas, flung a wail. As one automatically opens a hand to catch a thrown ball, a man fumbled wildly down his pocket, brought up the shilling and sixpence and threw them out; the old native, gasping, his skinny toes splaying the sand, flung the lion.

The piccanins were waving, the dogs stood, tails uncertain, watching the train go: past the mud huts, where a woman turned to look, up from the smoke of the fire, her hand pausing on her hip.

The stationmaster went slowly in under the chalet.

The old native stood, breath blowing out the skin between his ribs, feet tense, balanced in the sand, smiling and shaking his head. In his opened palm, held in the attitude of receiving, was the retrieved shilling and sixpence.

The blind end of the train was being pulled helplessly out of the station.

\* \* \*

THE young man swung in from the corridor, breathless. He was shaking his head with laughter and triumph. Hehe! he said. And wagged the lion at her. One-and-six!

What? she said.

He laughed. I was arguing with him for fun, bargaining—when the train had pulled out already, he came tearing after—One-and-six, Baas! So there's your lion.

She was holding it away from her, the head with the open jaws, the pointed teeth, the black tongue, the wonderful ruff of fur facing her. She was looking at it with an expression of not seeing,

of seeing something different. Her face was drawn up, wryly, like the face of a discomfited child. Her mouth lifted nervously at the corner. Very slowly, cautious, she lifted her finger and touched the mane, where it was joined to the wood.

But how could you, she said. He was shocked by the dismay of her face.

Good Lord, he said, what's the matter?

If you wanted the thing, she said, her voice rising and breaking with the shrill impotence of anger, why didn't you buy it in the first place? If you wanted it, why didn't you pay for it? Why didn't you take it decently, when he offered it? Why did you have to wait for him to run after the train with it, and give him one-and-six? One-and-six!

She was pushing it at him, trying to force him to take it. He stood astonished, his hands hanging at his sides.

But you wanted it! You liked it so much?

—It's a beautiful piece of work, she said fiercely, as if to protect it from him.

Oh you—she said, hopeless and furious. You—she threw the lion on to the seat.

He stood looking at her.

She sat down again in the corner and, her face slumped in her hand, stared out of the window. Everything was turning round inside her. One-and-six. One-and-six. One-and-six for the wood and the carving and the sinews of the legs and the switch of the tail. The mouth open like that and the teeth. The black tongue, rolling, like a wave. The mane round the neck. To give one-and-six for that. The heat of shame mounted through her legs and body and sounded in her ears like the sound of sand pouring. Pouring, pouring. She sat there, sick. A weariness, a tastelessness, the discovery of a void made her hands slacken their grip, atrophy emptily, as if the hour was not worth their grasp. She was feeling like this again. She had thought it was something to do with singleness, with being alone and belonging too much to oneself.

She sat there not wanting to move or speak, or to look at anything, even; so that the mood should be associated with nothing, no object, word or sight that might recur and so recall the feeling again . . . Smuts blew in grittily, settled on her hands. Her back remained at exactly the same angle, turned against the young man sitting with his hands drooping between his sprawled legs and the lion, fallen on its side in the corner.

\* \* \*

THE train had cast the station like a skin. It called out to the sky, I'm coming, I'm coming; and again, there was no answer.



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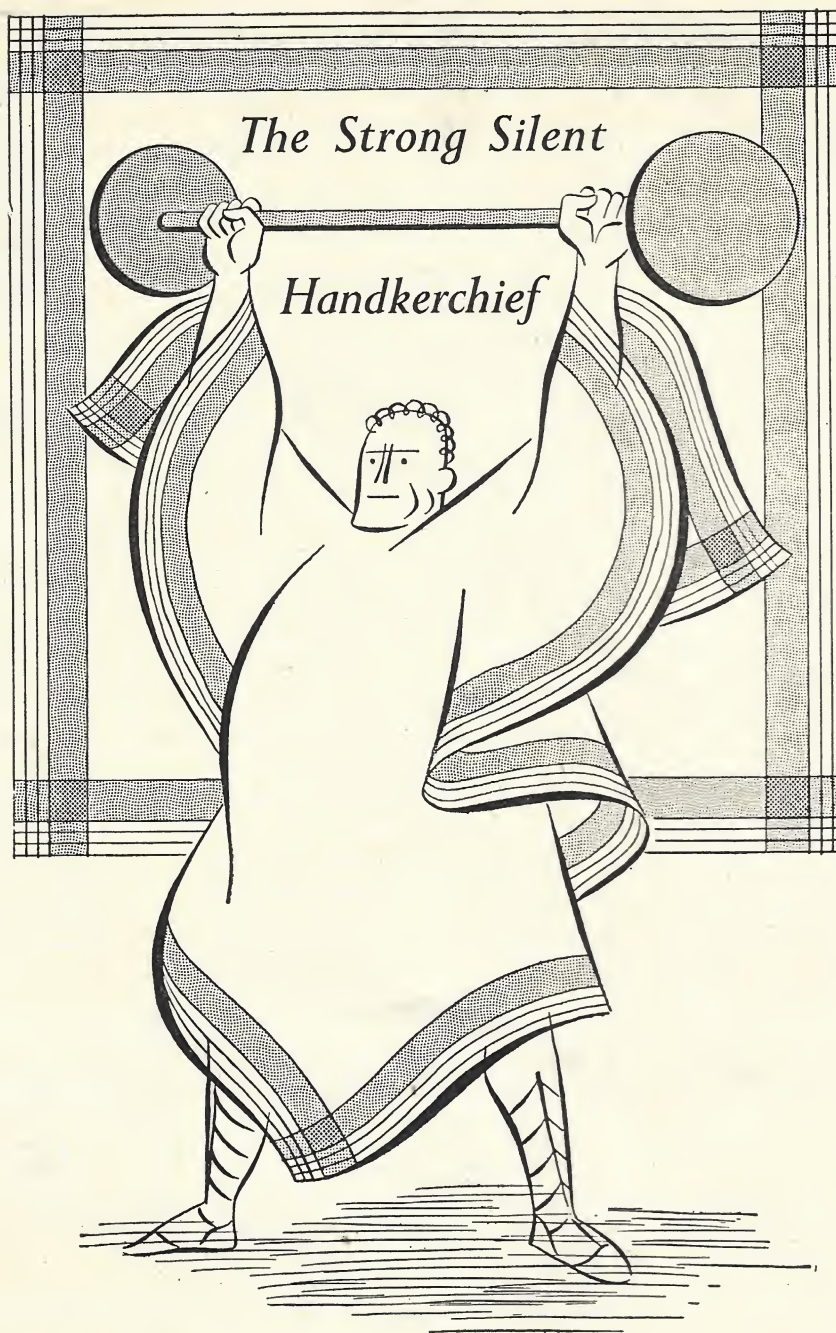
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# INDABA



**D**URING the past weeks I have been living on a farm on the Muldersdrift Road, thirteen miles out of town. A private bus passes this farm at six o'clock in the morning, on the way to the city. At that hour it is still dark, and it is not always easy to distinguish, from the glare of their headlights, between the bus and the farm trucks carrying agricultural produce to market. Consequently, since there are no regular bus-stops on the route, I have to describe the accepted hitch-hiker's arc with my thumb each time I see headlights. Sometimes, when I have signalled a lorry, and the vehicle happens to draw up, I get a lift as far as Newtown.

The fascination of driving along the country roads on the outskirts of Johannesburg in the early dawn has not yet begun to pall on me. And I have several times wondered why our South African artists don't paint the early morning

takes a real artist to paint a landscape in dun shades—and yet to reveal it as a world filled with the morning's clean light.

It is also difficult to get that particular part of the morning on to canvas, because it is an effect that doesn't stay very long. In about ten minutes' time the sky is streaked with crimson and the magic of the grey light is gone, and you are left with the orthodox Sunrise On The Veld. Another reason why paintings of the misty pre-sunrise morning are rare in South African art is because it is hard for the South African artist to get up that early.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN I was at the Cape recently I was often made acutely unhappy, in the course of a ramble along, say, Camp's Bay beach—or, for that matter, the Muizenberg beach or Somerset Strand—through the circumstance that at every hundred yards or so I would be confronted with a typical South African artist's painting of a seascape. Azure skies and ultramarine ocean and brown rocks in the left foreground. It was all such obvious beauty . . . colour, composition, everything . . . just the sort of painting that the general public thrills to. At every hundred yards or so I was confronted by another and yet another and another picture painted by a second-rate artist.

I saw thousands and thousands of these second-rate paintings all along the Cape beaches, and they were an interminable source of distress to me. All they needed were frames. And afterwards I got so that it seemed to me that a lot of those paintings actually **were** framed, and some of the frames even had little red tabs on them: and one day, when I passed a large number of daubs like that, all in a row, and I found myself absent-mindedly putting my hand in my pocket for the catalogue—I knew then that I must never again take a stroll along any part of the Cape Peninsula seafront.

But it's different speeding along Transvaal highveld roads, a few miles outside of Johannesburg, by bus or farm-lorry, in the dew-drenched light of a new day, before the sun is up. This is a different class of work altogether. For one thing, a lot of it is water-colours: swift strokes with a full brush—as often as not flung down just apparently anyhow, on soaking wet paper, with breath-taking mastery, with the superb carelessness of certainty. And it is all early impressionism, before

the impressionists became mathematicians. And just outside the Johannesburg municipal area there is a magnificent example of near-fauvism, an extraordinary piece of work, a thrilling smudge of dark trees with silver light breaking through them, against a background of blurred hills and earthy sky.

There is also an interesting painting, higher up along the Muldersdrift Road, with rows of trees and a couple of farm-houses carefully laid out in accordance with a complicated system of receding planes. But while I can admire the cleverness of this canvas very much, it doesn't make a strong and direct emotional appeal to me. I can sense in it the beginning of the trompe l'oeil decadence of the last years of the nineteenth century.

The last piece of early impressionism on this road comes into view at the very moment of sunrise. I can't just at the



—Evening Post

**"Very easy for some people to forget all the butter and sugar we used to put under the counter for them!"**

moment recall the name of this picture. And I can't make out the artist's signature, which looks like a scrawled "G" with some wriggles after it (which makes me think that it might be Gauguin before he went to the South Seas); on the other hand, he might equally well be "S" and some scribbling after it. Seurat, perhaps? I have often wondered.

I have asked the bus-driver, but he says he doesn't know.

\* \* \*

**I**T is springtime on the farm. The almond trees and the apple trees, the peach and apricot and cherry trees are covered in pink and white blossom. And I, neurotic city-dweller, whom the spring-times of the last four or five years have passed by with studied nonchalance—bringing me neither enchantment nor rapture nor heartache—gaze upon the annual miracle of bursting blooms without the awakening of memories and without wonderment.



**That will teach you interfering with tourists.**



# Trek

INCORPORATING S.A. OPINION

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## BRITAIN FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL

**S**EVEN years after Dunkirk, Britain is once again fighting for her life. There are three main causes that have contributed to the crisis, which has descended upon us with the force of an avalanche, largely because its dimensions and gravity were not foreseen: The one is that Europe is exhausted by her sacrifices in two wars, which gave an unbalanced economic preponderance to America. The second is that the days of great European-ruled empires are finished, a circumstance which falls particularly heavily on Britain. The third is the incompetence of the personnel constituting the British Government, a factor which has tended to aggravate a growingly critical situation. Let us deal with these three factors in turn.

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, Europe has entered into decadence for the following reasons:

1. From 1913 to 1925 the population of the world increased by 5 per cent. This increase was 19 per cent. in North America, 21 per cent. in South America, 15 per cent. in Oceania. It was only 1 per cent. in Europe.
2. The 1914-18 war caused an extraordinary industrial and agricultural development in the U.S.A., which became during the war, and then during the peace, the suppliers of a famished Europe.
3. Certain raw materials of considerable importance, oil and rubber, for example, come from non-European sources.
4. The 1914-18 war left enormous national debts in the forty principal countries in the world, among which were all the European countries. The totality of these debts increased during the four years of war from 10,000,000,000 to 200,000,000,000 dollars. This unbearable burden caused inflation and the destruction of currencies and economies in Europe.
5. The second world war began in Europe and consummated definitely its decline. The admirable resistance of the British and Russian people and of the occupied countries cannot alter the fact that the only real victor was the U.S.A. Europe emerged from the conflict blood-white, spoliated, devastated.

Now let us examine the position in America. From 1899 to 1925 the increase of production in general was 140 per cent. Parallel with this, the population increased by 55 per cent., and the number of workers by 34 per cent. only. These figures imply a colossal accumulation of the means of production. The second world war was a further stage in this development. In the last thirty years, whilst American imports increased by 110 per cent., exports increased by 600 per cent.

Twenty-two

**T**HIS brings us to the factor of the imperial decline of Britain.

The harsh fact must be faced that the British Labour Government is attempting a profound transformation of the nation's economy in the face of extremely difficult conditions and against terrible odds. The hardest problem is to build on the foundations of an empire that is to-day a historical anachronism. The sombre drama of this great empire in the process of disintegration cannot be relieved even by playing up the extraordinary determination of the British people to accept any sacrifice that will set their country on its feet again. On the one hand, the law of history has obliged London to apply the principle of self-determination in India and Egypt; on the other hand, each time a piece is lifted out of the empire another blow is dealt to the economic stability of Britain.

The readjustment from the flourishing empire of five decades ago to the curious British conglomeration of to-day would be difficult under any circumstances; it is incredibly painful at the end of a war in which Britain gave everything it had. In men, in human suffering, other nations may have paid a greater price, but in terms of national effort and the expenditure of its national wealth England was second to none. Now the utterly exhausted people of Britain must shoulder the burden of rebuilding their land and propping up a crumbling empire.

Last year the general impression of observers on the spot was that the fatigue of the British people was temporary, the kind of healthy tiredness that comes after an almost superhuman job has been accomplished. To-day it seems that this weariness has got right into the bones.

\* \* \*

**T**HE third consideration, that is not to be ignored, is that the Labour Government has so far miserably failed to measure up to the magnitude of the approaching crisis that was about to engulf the British people. Their whole strategy was wrong, since it was entirely based on the postulate that the world was moving into a more tranquil period, and that in any event America could not afford for political and economic reasons to allow Britain to go under. The position is indeed strongly redolent of Chamberlain and his attitude to the rising tide of Nazism.

Because of these inadequacies on the part of the Labour Government, Sir Stafford Cripps remained strangely unperturbed over the growing gap between exports and imports, hoping no doubt that it would be bridged by a general expansion in world trade. Bevin, who aspired to be another Palmerston, persisted in trying to ape the Americans and the Russians, forgetful of the fact that Britain's economic condition precluded a policy of trying to behave like a Great Power. Hundreds of millions of pounds are being spent on keeping up armies in Greece and the Middle East. A more realistic policy would have been to tell America that, if it is her aim to contain the Communist menace, she must not rely on a Britain bleeding to death. Then there was too much reliance on further loans. The London Economist may be annoyed with America for the harshness of the conditions of the loan. America's reply is that she is not prepared to place Britain on the dole. Like God, she will only help those who help themselves. Not very humane, perhaps; but that is the norm of the capitalist world. There is also a great deal that could have been done by the Government in regard to the reorganisation and redistribution of labour, that was left undone because it cowered before the opposition of the trade unions.

\* \* \*

**T**HE position in Britain can be greatly relieved by the measures now being taken, i.e., reduction of the armed forces, the growing of more food at home, the redistribution of labour, and the imposition of further austerities. Such assistance as the Dominions can render will likewise tend to ease things. But it is evident that the problem is European and not just British.

TREK—Sept., 1947





And here we come to the question of a European Federation, a most vigorous exponent of which is Winston Churchill, and which the Marshall Plan adumbrates.

It is usually said that Churchill was a great war leader who was unsuited for the tasks of peace and reconstruction. There is some truth in this observation, but that should not by itself disqualify his plans for a United Europe. No one who has walked through the sombre ruins of the ghost cities of Central Europe, where bats and rats, owls and weasels have taken over what were once human habitations will feel that Churchill was indulging in the slightest rhetorical exaggeration when he said: "What is Europe now? It is a rubble heap, a charnel house, a breeding ground of pestilence and hate. . . . Has Europe's mission come to an end? Has she nothing to give to the world but the contagion of the Black Death?"

Europe is worth saving and can be saved. The younger generation is neither defeatist nor sentimental. There is much more self-help than self-pity, and, according to travellers, the general mood is very far from being one of twilight preceding the dark.

There are a number of factors favourable to Europe's recovery. The potential of the foreign trade of the U.S.A. has trebled itself in recent years. It is therefore essential for her that the rest of the world should increase their purchasing power three times to arrive at an equilibrium. The alternative is another depression. And the Americans who were grown up in 1929 know what that means—the others have since been told with a shudder. It is a situation which, as an American paper has it, recalls the song of Schnozzle Duranty, "Broadway needs me more than I need Broadway."

EUROPE'S greatest needs are food, steel and coal. Russia's action in rejecting the Marshall Plan (temporarily, it is hoped) has accentuated those needs—and increased Europe's requirements from the United States—by drawing the Iron Curtain over Polish coal and Eastern grain which otherwise could have been exchanged for the manufactured goods that those backward countries sorely need from the more advanced capitalistic West—goods which Russia cannot supply. It is here that Germany comes into the economic picture. The Ruhr's coal output is less than one-half of the pre-war normal. More food for the Germans, for which Britain and the United States have been paying so far, presumably would produce more German coal for Europe and reduce the need of carrying coal across the Atlantic. This involves the restoration of Germany along with the rest of Europe. Even the French are willing that this be done if it is assured that German resources will go to re-establish Europe as a whole. European reconstruction is impossible without Germany. It will now have the aid of western Germany, with its richest coal and industrial regions. The Russians no doubt know what they are about, but their recalcitrant mood has certainly had the undesirable effect of Britain and America relying on a resuscitated Germany and Japan to stabilise the world.

We would formulate the following four steps as an essential preliminary to a European Federation, which would include the not inconsiderable resources of the British and French Empires:— (a) The abolition of tariff walls. (b) The rationalisation of transport. (c) The cancellation of debts between European nations. (d) The creation of a European banking system with a standard currency.



# STAGE *and* SCREEN

**MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION.** Produced by The Johannesburg Repertory Players at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

IF there can ever be an excuse for the revival of a bad play—which this critical observer doubts—it can only be in a perfect production. A couple of years ago one of the outstanding successes of a good London season was the revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan," one of Oscar Wilde's more juvenile efforts. The success of the revival, however, was due to the production and not to the play. It was so well mounted and dressed by Cecil Beaton, so smoothly and crisply played by a good cast, that the show provided eye and ear entertainment of so high an order that the audience little noticed and cared less that the play itself was slight in dramaturgy and was, in fact, little more than a clothesline for the display of Wilde's laundered banalities neatly folded to look like epigrams. The revival presently engaging our critical attention, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' sounded bad, looked bad and, let's face it, was bad.

Bernard Shaw is a great man of the theatre nearing the threshold of the hereafter. The theatre has not seen his like before, and will not see it soon again. He has brought to it a merry courage, a glorious wit, a musical tenderness, a world of needed vitality. He has laughed at the old gods, and, to give them their due, the old gods have enjoyed it. For all that, he has written a few plays of doubtful merit, and this is one of them.

It was one of the old gentleman's earlier efforts, written nearly sixty years ago, when he embarked on a crusade for the emancipation of women in a play which adopted as its fundamental premise the postulate that the only careers open to women were that of barmaid or bordelleuse. The play is almost devoid of dramatic crescendo, petering out, for all practical purposes, in the second of the four acts; and such philosophy as it contains, allowing for the Shavian tongue in the Shavian cheek, is specious.

IN the Reps' production the general direction was brittle and transparent and failed to bring to the script such stage life as there was inherent in the play, and the acoustic defects of the theatre itself accentuated the staccato

effect of the studied utterances of the Shavian argument.

Lydia Lindeque is a good actress, and although her characterisation was rather broader than one has been accustomed to for Mrs. Warren, her performance was consistent and acceptable. As the self-emancipated daughter, Sheila Houston gave a colourless performance keyed to the middle C, and the pitch of her voice in that barn-like theatre rendered many of her speeches quite inaudible. Altogether, a great pity, since Miss Houston is quite evidently a player of great sincerity and some talent. Leo Britt, who played Sir George Crofts, is an experienced craftsman who knows his theatre; he gave a sound, well-balanced and confident performance, suffering least from the weaknesses of the play and the theatre. As the Rev. Sam Gardner, Norman Torry indicated a certain proficiency as an actor. The music-hall characterisation of an elderly cleric was perhaps somewhat overdone, but the performance was nevertheless a lively one and high-lighted several otherwise dull sequences. Cecil Cartwright in the unrewarding role of Praed, the chorus, was adequate but dull, whilst Julius Sergay, in the best male part of Frank, played gawkily to a pattern which was more apparent than the performance.

The mounting, comprising cut-cloths, foliage drops and newly-painted flats, was Edwardian only in technique.

On the whole not a great revival, evincing little of that virtuosity one was entitled to expect from a producer of the deserved reputation of Miss Leontine Sagan.  
—ARTHUR LINS COTT.

**ON THE SPOT.** By Edgar Wallace. The Playfair Players, at the Standard Theatre.

THE day of Al Capone and his gangwars has passed, and these underground problems of the nineteen-twenties have little relevance or interest to-day. And Edward Wallace, in any case, is no purveyor of sociological problems. The best that can be said about this play is that it would make a good cheap American film thriller.

The production, after a poor prologue and first act, stumbled into a satisfactory conflict mainly on the merits of Jimmy Mentis and Alan Hean, who jointly carried a large weight of unsteady supporters. Jimmy Mentis, apart from slips of accent (of which fault he was the least offender), gave a creditable performance. Maureen Veale achieved a pathos that verged on the comic and spoilt her character. Both gangsters and policemen were typically South African—diametrics to the American prototypes.

The set and furniture were in excellent taste, marred only by completely opaque stained glass windows and make-up that resembled thinly-spread dough.

—STANLEY HOCKMAN.

**SIMON BEYERS (Plaza).**

AS far as the cinema-going public is concerned, I cannot feel that Pierre de Wet with "Simon Beyers" has done the Afrikaans film industry any great service. Perhaps we can leave it at that.

On the other hand, from the point of view of the critic, this film has revealed stray gleams and flashes of the really great potentialities which the making of



—Collier

TREK—Sept., 1947



films in Afrikaans holds out for the producer and the actor and the scenario-writer with a proper appreciation and understanding of film (or any other) art.

For the atmosphere and local colour in "Simon Beyers"—conditions of life and trends of thought in the early years of the Cape—full use is made of the material furnished by Theal and other authorities. That is as it should be. Unfortunately, however, not enough effort was made to give an imaginative slant, by means of dramatic irony and other obvious devices, to the bald facts as recorded by the historians. But in one or two little set speeches, delivered mainly by Simon Beyers, these possibilities were exploited—and every time the effect was potent and instantaneous.

My quarrel with this film is not that it lacked the slickness of Hollywood. As I have said before, with reference to "Die Wildsboudjie" and "Geboortegrond," I fear that an attempt at importing the Hollywood touch into the Afrikaans film would be a menace, at this stage, to its development into a worth-while art: whereas the naiveties of our local producers are only irritating. "Simon Beyers" fails because the acting lacks dynamism. Because the story is weak. Because there is no single coherent theme running through the film to give it driving-force.

Above all, because the people who made this film had a big opportunity, and they let it slip through their fingers. Better luck next time.

—H. C. B.

\* \* \*

#### ADRINA OTERO. Spanish Dance Recital at the Library Theatre.

MISS OTERO'S dancing lacked the usual fiery voluptuousness associated with the idea of the Spanish dance, but this is not an adverse criticism, for it was pleasant to view interpretations of a more subtle nature, interpretations devoid of cheap eroticism. But an occasional spark of fire would not have been out of place.

Miss Otero's castanets yielded to suave nuances of alternating dynamic power and lilting tenderness, but her body movements did not always reflect this smooth transition.

"Campesina" to music by Azagra was a chef d'oeuvre. In this dance Miss Otero revealed all the subtleties that can be evoked by mime. "Preludio," to music by Albeniz, danced in pure classical style, was also an outstanding piece of dancing. "Capricio Espagnol," to music by Rimsky-Korsakov, was disappointing, but this was perhaps to be expected, as the music in its abridged form and sans orchestra could not help being but a pastiche of the original.

Estelle de la Ville's playing revealed

a fine touch, but lacked the necessary fire to elicit the complete gamut of the Spanish idiom. Her own "Etude for left hand" was a little masterpiece.

—STANLEY HOCKMAN.

\* \* \*

#### "LOST WEEK-END" at the Colosseum

"THE Lost Week-end," shown at the Colosseum, is an important film, important because of the wide notice which Jackson's book, from which it was adapted, attracted.

Jackson gave us a tragic story. A cultured and sensitive intellectual who somehow could not achieve the literary ambitions of which his talents fell short, sought refuge in drink. Neither his own efforts, nor those of a sympathetic brother and a devoted woman, could prevent that downfall, inevitable as a Greek tragedy, through inebriety, hopeless drunkenness and the terror of delirium tremens, to the utter ruin of the victim of a dreadful neurosis. Here was no simple palliative, no panacea, merely the revelation of hopelessness.

Very well then. The film started off magnificently. Ray Milland portrayed the desperate cravings of the alcoholic in fine style. There was real horror in the hospital ward scene, where he lay sobered and aghast listening to the ravings of another delirium. When he, too, met the same fate, there was naked realism in his screaming terror, although I have no doubt that a more impressionistic treatment (such as the British would have used) might have better conveyed the visions of his derangements.

So far the film was good, painful in the extreme, as the author of the book intended his story to be. Then Hollywood took over and things began to move. Suicide is decided upon, but the girl arrives in the nick of time. She holds out a glass: "Drink," she sobs, "I would rather have you drunk than dead!" The idea of death is easily abandoned, as too is any future drinking—his attack of delirium tremens had fixed all that. Psychiatrists please note.

We left them planning the future. He was going to be a great author and while discussing this future he picked up, as of habit, the half-filled glass of whisky. But, bravo, no more drinking for him, as he casts his burning cigarette into the glass. And so all ended happily, as indeed things should, except that Hans Andersen was always convincing.

If Hollywood should again touch Shakespeare, I suggest "Othello," with one minor emendation. Let Iago's plot be discovered in time, and let us have a final scene of Othello and Desdemona united in family love, with half a dozen curly-headed children—white, of course.

KRITES.

["Capo Town Theatre" has unavoidably been held over.]

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 3)

themselves more readily with development schemes."

\* \* \*

A NEW Africa is speaking here. Throughout these remarks the eagerness to co-operate with Britain is emphasised, while claims for a bigger say in the Governments concerned are steadily pressed. It is the voice of the Africa which no longer believes in revolts and rebellions. It is a positive reaction to a positive policy. What is more, the rise of India to independence has evoked in the colonial Africans a more wholesome appreciation of Britain's policies and intentions.

Whereas developments in India have turned erstwhile or potential enemies in British Africa into friends, they are not likely to improve relations between Black and White in this country. The African will progressively demand an effective say in the government of the country while the advocates of South Africa's version of Trusteeship will find it increasingly difficult either to grant this or to justify their refusal. At this rate the position will deteriorate until the worst, possibly, comes. History does not record any instance where immigrant conquerors, racially exclusive and in the minority, held their own indefinitely against a hostile indigenous population in the majority.

This brings us to the theory, argued by many, that Western Civilisation would be endangered by the extension of democratic rights to the Africans. Here, White domination is identified with Western Civilisation, from which it is quite different. The theory is not borne out by the facts and experience. In India, hatred for Britain and the British has vanished with the coming of independence. All sorts of offers are being made to persuade Britons to stay in India. And, by the look of things, it might require crowbars for anyone to drive India out of the Commonwealth!

African hostility to White domination is not an expression of feelings of hostility to the white man or Western Civilisation. It is a protest against injustice and nothing more. On the other hand, the extension of basic democratic rights and duties to the African will reinforce Western Civilisation and win more friends for it—as we see in India, Nigeria and Kenya.

The position in South Africa holds out very great possibilities for peace and progress or strife. India's liberation has brought our country to the crossroads. We must all decide now whether South Africa shall remain virtually an armed camp—where the majority of the people shall be perpetually under martial law in the form of the Pass system, or the 8,000,000 Africans shall be made to co-operate with the Europeans in the creation of a Greater South Africa at the head of a United States of Southern Africa, able to meet Russia, India, America or China on a footing of complete equality.

JORDAN K. NGUBANE

(Editor of the African weekly, "Ikundla Ya Bantu").

Twenty-five





# Round The Galleries

art begins where his practical preoccupations end, he will cease to measure it with the standards of his sensuous appetites and acquisitive instincts.

This esthetic detachment is not the monopoly of the moderns. It thrives among the cultured peoples of the East. The Chinese possess it in a high degree. Their artists are interested in the idea of things rather than in their outward appearance. While we seek to obtain a faithful representation of the individual object, they seek the fundamental harmony of things, their organic relatedness and functional interdependence. They seek to recapture the mood of nature, and they often find it in her voids and silences. While the West prefers the solid and the tangible, the East seeks the elusive and the mysterious, and through design integrates the known and the unknown.

Illusionist realism has almost destroyed western painting, causing it to lose its sense of form and colour. In its decline it has sought inspiration from the primitives and also from the East. It has turned from actuality to pattern, from distinctiveness to design, from plasticity of modelling which produced fidelity of representation, to decorative effect. But Western man has still to acquire the spirituality of the East and its detachment from the practical values of actuality. He must develop a greater faith in the unity and harmony of the Universe which will help him to discern in the common object a deeper reality than its outward appear-

ance seems to reveal.

—MIDDLEBROW.

\* \* \*

## JOHANNESBURG

ACCORDING to Professor Petrie, music is the last of the arts to come to its full expression in all civilisation. I am prepared to argue this point against my own belief that fine printing is the real hallmark of a civilised society. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, I am convinced it takes at least three centuries to make a nation conscious, and productive, of fine printing. Our own country's immaturity in this field bears me out. And the superb collection of rare books and manuscripts, the work of English presses, which is now on view at the Gainsborough Galleries, clinches the argument.

It need not be assumed from the foregoing that I am a worshipper of fine printing and bookbinding for their own sakes. I share with Charles Lamb a special affection for those "ragged veterans" that line my own bookshelves, books whose dog-eared and battered covers bear testimony to their voyagings and their constant place in my affection.

But it is fitting enough that a fine book should go finely, and there are many editions on view at Gainsborough whose classic contents commend themselves to calf and morocco. Various volumes of Dickens are thus panoplied, and deservedly so. But I cannot help remembering that Dickens once went in paper-backs

## CAPE TOWN

ART, these days, is more talked about than seen. A number of our artists are overseas; some are packing their trunks, while the remainder seem to be in the throes of solitary creativeness, and despite complaints about indecent exposure, do not feel at all exhibitionistic: a couple of well-known artists who had planned an exhibition thought better of it and cancelled the show.

But when the sun sets the shadows lengthen; and so here, too, in the absence of the real thing, there is a good deal of criticism and controversy, and the ventilation of grievances by artists and the public.

A number of topics pertaining to the production and distribution of art have been hotly debated in the columns of the press. The old subject of distortion in art seems to prove the philosophical theory of eternal recurrence. The beholder's attitude to art was also discussed with great seriousness, and the question raised whether he should look gay or grave when confronted by a canvas. Yet another question raised is whether the South African artist is not guilty of overcharging by comparison with his colleagues overseas.

One could fill pages on any of these topics; but it is perhaps more interesting to observe the disputants than to take sides in the argument: for the character of the public surely gives some indication of the nature of our art. To stretch a well-worn tag, one might say that every community gets the art it deserves. Yet I think South Africa gets better art than it deserves. When you read the inanities about non-representational art, or the wickedness of graphic nudes, you feel yourself hurled back into the middle of last century; yet your calendar is quite definite in its insistence that the year of grace is 1947 and not 1847.

\* \* \*

WHAT our public needs is not so much an initiation into the sophistries of some of the modern movements in art, as a more spiritual attitude to art and culture: a certain detachment from materialistic values and utilitarian purposes. When the ordinary citizen realises that



Church at St. James, Cape.—A Water Colour by Anne-marie Oppenheim



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in his jobbing journalist days. And in a sentimental way I feel it is Dickens in his workaday clothes before he had been exalted to fame and fine printing that comes nearer to the homely heart of the man than later luxury.

Of special interest to Africana collectors will be the "Wild Sports of Southern Africa," by Captain W. Cornwallis Harris, which, with its 26 coloured plates, is priced at no more than £18 10s. And for those who have a taste for the romantic there is the original autographed manuscript of Lord Byron's poem "The Waltz," which, at £1,200, is the highest priced work displayed.

The modern English presses such as the Golden Cockerel and Nonesuch and Gregynog are represented. And since there is also on view a leaf from William Caxton's original "Chronicles of England," the whole gamut of England's ancient printing craft has been comprehended.

This collection comes from Charles J. Sawyer Ltd., of London, and will remain open till the 15th.

\* \* \*

**D**URING the past month at the same Galleries have been two widely contrasted picture shows. That of Enslin du Plessis remains a fine memory, for it brought us in touch once again with a South African artist whose years in Europe have given him a delicacy of line and a refinement of eye which are like a sudden pianissimo amid the clashing rawness of the African colour-scheme.

This last is the note which John McLaren, the other artist who exhibited during the month at Gainsborough, emphasised stridently and indefatigably in a show of some 33 paintings. McLaren reminds me of that writer Oscar Wilde spoke of who "found Nature naked and left it raw." His is the technique of the poster-artist with which I have no quarrel in small doses. To be confronted on all four walls by McLaren's work is like being plunged into an unmixed palette-bath. Perhaps Mr. McLaren should get up earlier in the morning when Africa is not quite so vociferous. Or he might take a cue from Pierneef and spend more time looking at the mellowness of late afternoon.

\* \* \*

**C**ONSTANTIA Galleries, which are on the ninth floor of Arop House, at the corner of Von Brandis and Kerk Streets, are at present holding an exhibition of G. J. Brussau's paintings, drawings and etchings. Mr. Brussau has helped to

(Continued on Page 39.)

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# Facing The Music



## CAPE TOWN

**T**O elect a new Fope the world's cardinals meet in conclave. It takes not longer than a few days for them to come to a unanimous decision. When the conclave's chamberlain appears on the balcony of the Vatican announcing **Habemus Papam**, one can be sure that the best man has been chosen.

Cape Town's City Council needed more than eighteen months to come to a decision on the choice of a new conductor of its Municipal Orchestra. Town councillors, I suppose, know more or less their business when dealing with rates, drainage or garbage collection. Whenever it comes to problems beyond this sphere, and particularly if cultural implications are at stake, they try to apply their ordinary village-pump tactics and, of course, make a ridiculous mess out of it.

From the beginning the whole complexity of filling this job was handled in a truly clumsy, off-hand and stubborn manner, as if the question were the choice of a new beach attendant. Finally, this matter turned into a divine comedy and caused Cape Town to become the laughing-stock of the musical world here and abroad. In spite of two advisory committees, consisting of musical experts, one in our town and the other in London, a number of our town daddies, chiefly men who had never shown the slightest interest in our musical life, believed they knew more about music and the necessary abilities of a conductor than was expressed in a unanimous verdict by those experts.

## II

**E**VEN when the recommendation of the two committees was finally accepted by a small majority, that minority did not give up the fight. Astonishingly, the Town Clerk, without being charged, came suddenly out with his own choice of a candidate who had previously not even been considered good enough to be put on the list of closer selection.

And why this sudden interest in the personality of the chosen man? He hap-

pens to be a Spaniard, called Senor Enrique Jordá. He was highly recommended by experienced musicians as being the only outstanding candidate.

People who are never seen at concerts or have never been known as interested in music began immediately a concentrated witch-hunt. Why not a South African? Why not an ex-soldier? Why not at least a Britisher? "Dash it all," said Mr. Humdrum at the breakfast table, between two bites of his half-burnt soya-sawdust standard bread toast, "dash it all—do we need a dago to swing a stick in the City Hall? Such dark-skinned people with a mop of black hair are either Communists or Fascists or even Jews. Heaven forbid!" And promptly wrote, as many other Mistfers Humdrum, an indignant Letter to the Editor.

## III

**I**F people in America or England or in South America had taken objection to the nationality or race of their musicians, what would have become of music in the last hundred years? Ridiculous! Ridiculous!

At least a little bit of humour was brought into it just when tempers rose to boiling point against the Spaniard's nomination. Mr. Gideon Fagan, a South African-born conductor living in London, published in the press a furious letter threatening that he would never allow his compositions to be played in our City Hall. Though I had not known before that Mr. Fagan exercises the art of composing, I can quite well understand the great loss for us in future in being deprived of hearing his works (though we never had the privilege before); and having to console ourselves with such minor substitutes as Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, etc.

I forgot to mention that Mr. Fagan was one of the unsuccessful candidates who had applied for the conductor-job.

## IV

**O**NE Thursday we heard Chopin's First Piano Concerto by a lady who had been announced as a famous Continental star. Perhaps if the blurb in the press had not been so enormously splashy, my disappointment would not have passed from sheer boredom into real annoyance. The following week I had to suffer another disappointment: I had been just on my way to revising my (silly) prejudice against Liszt's music after Moisevitch's playing of it. But after a local lady pianist's presentation of Liszt's music I relapsed immediately into condemning it again as an impossible venture for the

elevated taste of our blessed time. Only after having fortified myself after the concert with some (diluted) wine, I realised that the fault in Liszt's music may not have lain with the composer but perhaps with the performer. It is not sufficient, evidently, to treat his music, that strange mixture of highly-spiced Hungarian paprika goulash, eroticised French truffles and pink pious gelee, as acrobatic showpieces to be tossed up and down the keyboard. Such music needs temperament, musical epicurianism, refined artistry and, of course, perfect technical facilities to make it palatable in our days.

The third lady dished up No. 3 Beethoven Concerto on the piano: Miss Joyce Kadish, whom I esteem highly as a serious, gifted and hardworking musician, seemed to me, at least that night, not up to her usual high standard. Or was it the fault of that wretched new (£950) piano which did not let her (and her audience) warm up? Her own cadenza bore testimony to her fine understanding of the Beethoven spirit and her refined musicality.

Only in the slow middle movement did Miss Kadish capture our interest and seem at ease in delving into the romantic spirit of its longing tenderness. In the other parts Miss Kadish's treatment gave the impression of too much labouring effort. Though the tone-quality and the shading were insufficient (that wretched [£950] piano?), her clear-cut fingerwork, though missing strength, gave a favourable impression.

## V

**D**R. ERIC CHISHOLM, Principal of the College of Music, occupies the columns of our papers with almost daily announcements of his multiple activities: concerts, opera (Fidelio), sonata recitals, conducting our Municipal Orchestra, the Johannesburg Orchestra (for four weeks!) and appearing also as conductor in Durban. I (and others) wonder how Professor Chisholm can manage to combine these various activities with his teaching and administrative duties (for which he receives his salary). I wonder (with others) if the deans of other faculties of the University of Cape Town are given the same opportunity to accept private engagements during term.

Though I do not bear any grudge against him (one gets hardened in the journalistic racket against flea-bites), I thought it better to send deputies, an "authoritative expert" of the piano and an equally qualified violinist, to the first



Beethoven-Sonatas Recital which Dr. Chisholm and Mr. Nat Kofsky gave recently for the benefit of their students. My reporters acknowledged the high musical standard attained by the two gentlemen and were full of praise for the very good performance, particularly in technical respect, by the violinist, but missed a perfect co-ordination with the pianist, who too often exercised dictatorial, overpowering methods. His pianistic talents, though not brilliant and often missing the finer points, proved sufficiently good for the purpose.

To which I may add: It usually takes a much longer time, much more ensemble-playing, until a chamber-music team is welded together. Therefore we have to wait for the next recitals to see further development. At any rate, the idea to serve the whole row of the Sonatas is to be welcomed.

## VI

THE few times I have witnessed Dr. Chisholm as a conductor have given me the impression of his adequate abilities in this respect, so that I even suggested him as a permanent guest-conductor of our symphony concerts. He undoubtedly knows his scores; he also knows how to put his ideas across. That he not always achieves his intended effects is due to the fact that, as members of the orchestra told me, the players are not yet sufficiently acquainted with his peculiar stick-technique. (Our musicians have now become quite spoilt by playing under such a baton master as Albert Coates!). Nevertheless, Dr. Chisholm gave a good account of himself as a conductor in the performance of Schubert's Sixth Symphony. Only in the slow movement I missed the enchanting charm of the Vienna Forest and was reminded rather of Scotland's Highlands. However, this (excusable) lack of romanticism was made good in the oscillating verve and joie de vivre in the two corner-movements.

Full praise is due to Dr. Chisholm for a most satisfying delivery of the orchestral part in the Beethoven C Minor Piano Concerto. There was verve, crispness and charm in the two Allegro movements and tender smoothness, sonority and clarity in its Largo. Its introduction (as well as the climactic finale in the Schubert Symphony) was a real treat for my ears.

In the "Carmen" suite, Dr. Chisholm applied much subtlety, for which one can be grateful, as in this way he made the intended atmosphere more plausible than by over-emphasis of its Spanish character.

A further praise: Dr. Chisholm was very well prepared and almost independent from the scores, which enabled him to devote his whole attention to exact entries, modulations and balance.

## VII

DR. CHISHOLM has followed the bad example of other ambitious conductors by applying an unnecessary treatment of face-lifting to Herr Kantor Bach's works. On the credit side can be noted that Dr. Chisholm exercised exemplary discretion in his arrangement of four Bach Cantatas and preserved Bach's style as much as he could. Bach does not need any "streamlining" to keep him alive.

## JOHANNESBURG

### THE FIRST TWO

THE two concerts given during the month under the baton of Desire Defauw have been a thrilling experience for the music-lovers of Johannesburg. Musicians who are acquainted with the South African musical scene assure me that these two concerts have never been equalled in the annals of South African music. There is little reason to feel any doubt on this point.

Defauw is not only a fine conductor but a grand musician. Watching him, there came to mind all kinds of vagrant thoughts. Europe may be short of dollars, but it has got a cultural tradition—Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms—and people of the calibre of Defauw to transmit the message and the glory of these titans. It surely cannot be that this great Continent is sinking or going into servitude to the dollar.

The two outstanding characteristics of Defauw's conducting are its vividness—like a Utrillo light; and a highly disciplined nervous tension which he imparts to the music and which probes the utmost recesses of the mind. In this respect he strongly resembles Toscanini, whose nervous drive often takes you to the verge of the irrational.

Defauw's greatest achievement so far



N.Y. Times

President Truman did not behave like this.

Where Stokowsky and other arrangers have sinned in this respect in order to make Babbits "Bach-minded" (and earn fat royalties!) confirms my old warning: Hands off Bach!

A bow to Mr. Clayton for his wonderful flute solo and Mr. Middleton for his admirable oboe-playing. And a (purple) orchid to our young harpist for her delicious harping in the "Carmen" suite.

—CORNET DI FALSETTO.

### DEFAUW CONCERTS

has been the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. All the tragedy and heroism of this great work came through grandly. The wind, brass and strings were in perfect balance, and the climaxes were mounted with unsurpassed dramatic effect—no vulgarity, a la Stokowski, but the inevitable surge of the human spirit. Under the guidance of Defauw, it verily became an anthem of the human race.

What grand vistas of hope and aspiration there opened up for mankind at the turn of the Nineteenth Century. It is sad to think that so many of these hopes were disappointed.

TILL Eulenspiegel, by Richard Strauss, stands out next in my mind. What in the hands of a second-rater might have degenerated into a welter of chaotic sound emerged a musical gem—a heavy canvas of German romanticism, with the lyrical and the epic in magnificent and thrilling alternation.

The First Symphony of Brahms played at the first concert is not my cup of tea. Admittedly it has its great moments, and Defauw made the most of them. But, for me, it savours too strongly of ponderous masonry, with the elegance and genuine sentiment that inform Brahms's later symphonies and his concertos missing. Even the finale of the fourth movement, often compared to the fourth movement of Beethoven's Ninth, bears that stamp of obvious religiosity which recalls a first-class Salvation Army hymn. Admittedly, some of these hymns are first-rate.

Leaving the City Hall, I came across a City Councillor and asked him whether there was the possibility of retaining Defauw permanently. "That would mean a two-penny rise in the rates," he retorted. This shouldn't stand in the way, surely. And it would entail some sacrifice on my part.

—B. SACHS.

### Natzka : Ribetti : Petrossian

WE in South Africa can count ourselves fortunate to have had the opportunity of hearing such a colourful singer as Oscar Natzka before the "big money" claims him. I doubt if we shall ever have



Natzka with us again unless he, like some others we have heard here, is prepared to continue singing long after his decline has set in, which event is, happily, many years ahead.

Having heard his records, I looked forward to hearing him in person, and vocally he came up to expectations in every respect. I was especially pleased with his personality and his ability to "put across" his songs. Strange to say, better than his big operatic numbers I preferred his simple songs, as in these he gave us beautiful legato singing which one enjoys hearing by a voice of such richness, depth and power and which is, to me, the acme of the vocal art. In his dramatic numbers he showed that he has a well-developed stage sense and would doubtless be an operatic singer of high order. He is certainly the most satisfying singer we have had here for years.

\* \* \*

OF Elda Ribetti I would say that with her also I felt her quieter and less pretentious songs to be more enjoyable than her coloratura numbers. Frankly, I am not enamoured of the technical and florid stuff, although I admit that performing it is an achievement; nor do I care for the mushy sentimental trash that she sang in order to please a large section of her Johannesburg audience and for which she got much applause. Come Back to Sorrento and O Sole Mio are songs she could easily drop from her repertoire and give us more of My Mother Bide Me and Solveig's Song, in which her clear, always true voice is used to better advantage. Here is a soprano who has a really beautiful voice, most artistically used and well controlled in the middle, but who, I felt, would be better advised to leave the coloratura style alone.

These two singers were splendidly served by Hubert Greenslade in his rôle of accompanist. Crisp, clean and clear aptly describes his playing, while his sympathetic support combined with almost a self-effacement during the vocal passages marks him down as an outstanding exponent of this most difficult art. He contributed in no small measure to the singers' successes.

\* \* \*

RAFFI PETROSSIAN is a young pianist of considerable technical accomplishments who commands a wide range of dynamics which he uses to good effect. As might be expected in one just in his twenties, he is more successful in the light and facile compositions than in the heavy works that call for depth of feeling. He was guilty of leaving out bars of music in at least one of the pieces I heard him play, but for all that he is a very fine artist whose Chopin, at any rate, is worth listening to.

—H.S.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

AT a time when recording companies vie with one another in seeing who can be first with the latest crooning or dance hit, it is most refreshing to listen to records that take you back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Through the good offices of Recordia I was privileged to hear some most absorbing recordings of old music published by the Lyrebird Press of Paris, which concern specialises in the issue of sheet music of historical interest from the thirteenth century onwards and issues records of such music for illustrative purposes. A brain-wave if ever there was one.

Of OL2, containing "A vous, Vierge de Douceur" (Anon), "Ad te Virgo Clamitans Venio" (Anon), "Lux Purpurata Radiis" (Jacopo da Bologna), "Diligite Iusticiam" (Jacopo de Bologna), which were written in the fourteenth century, it can be said that its interest is mainly historical and academic. These are religious vocal compositions for soprano and tenor that sound rather monotonous by modern standards. The accompaniments by bass trumpet, trombone and hurdy-gurdy illustrate well how decidedly vocal in treatment was the instrumental line of those days. Much the same can be said of OL61, "Nova vobis Gaudia" (two voices with flute and cello) (Nicole Grenon), "Plus n'en aray" (Hayne), "Mon bien ma joyeux" (flute, clarinet and bassoon) (Morton), which were written in the fifteenth century and which are somewhat more tuneful. That by the time of the sixteenth century much development had taken place is illustrated by OL21, featuring the choir of the Strasbourg Cathedral singing "Viri Galilaei" from "Les Motets d'Attaingnant" by Couillard. Here is a most enjoyable disc containing music that sounds both grand and massive.

OOon OL51/2, "Quatrieme Concert Royal," by Francois Couperin Le Grand, is performed by violin, flute, bassoon, cello, oboe and harpsichord. This is an extremely tuneful composition that gains interest for our ears from the unusual combination of instruments.

Two Mozart records, OL29 and OL48 (vocals) I found dull and uninteresting, and the voice of Erika Rokyta seemed to blast on the higher notes.

OL 96/7, Sonata No. 2 in D Major by J. S. Bach in 4 movements and played by bass viol and harpsichord, were always delightful to listen to.

Coming nearer to our own time were three songs by Hugo Wolf on OL46: "Elfenlied," "Blumengrass" and "Wiegenlied in Sommer," sung by Erika Rokyta very well and intelligently.

Finally, on OL107/8 was the piano fantasia "Ritmos," by Turina and played by Louise Gargurevich—and played splendidly, too. Ritmos is a highly colourful work that seems to reflect the brilliant sunshine of the composer's native Spain; and it is extremely rhythmical, as might be expected from a Spaniard.

Taken altogether, these discs have a very faithful reproduction, and except for an occasional blast in some of the vocals of Erika Rokyta. I found them quite up to the best standards. Just the records for the connoisseur, the historian and

those who are on the lookout for something out of the ordinary.

At the end of Ritmos I found myself wondering "How would Turina have fared had he only a harpsichord to write for?" Quite clearly, music writing has been conditioned by the kind of instruments available to the composers. H.S.

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## The Unquiet

The gulls come clamorous and bright  
Building above the sea their white  
And screaming towers, falling to  
tear  
Her breast, her sleep entangled hair.

She crawls for comfort to warm land  
Where bathers rowelling the sand  
With horny heels bruise her hand,  
And trawlers rake her with the reel  
Of taut lines and barbed steel.

All day winds whip the shadowy  
cloth  
Of her garments to a soiled froth;  
Small clouds swell and dip to rain  
Hissing pellets on her skin;  
Keels rip and hulls ride  
Shuddering furrows down her side.

In pools of shade the slumberers lift  
Their heavy lids to watch her drift,  
Reach, fail, falter and surge,  
And nimble pipers thread the verge,  
Stitching with delicate feet the band  
Of damp under her curving hand.

All night with long and lessening  
sleeves  
She sweeps the lusted sands and  
leaves  
Them pale with ravellings strewn:  
A lucent weed, a white stone,  
A shell as frail as mariners' bone.

She lies down late to a gray hour  
And sleeps until the morning tower  
Incontinently breaks and spills  
Bright to her breast the clamorous  
gulls.

—LOUIS KENT

## TENTACLE

Rainbow-wrapt,  
The trout,  
Content with pebbly orchestra,  
Finds foam  
Fulfilment,  
All ills dissolved  
In vaults of bubbles

Mortal, warm,  
Restrained,  
Knows no cascade; the pigeon mind  
In brief  
Excursions  
Soars but, strangled,  
Sinks to earthen hell.

—BRIAN K. TAYLOR



—Désirée Picton-Seymour  
Upper Church Street, Cape Town

## In Una Città Dolente

Per me si va nella città dolente. . . .  
Inferno III

These frozen smiles, these saltless tears  
are masks wrought from iron, steel, hard metal  
by still harder, colder flesh—to stifle warm breath,  
moist and humid with life's breathing. . . .  
Now a misty vapour, this warm red blood,  
too cold beyond the icy polished visor,  
too colourless, too dead to transfuse  
the ever-greying, spreading mass.  
Death brings not decay, worms, embryo—  
but still, ghostly monuments.

—QUINTON MacKAY

## ELAINE

Your fingers fluttered while you spoke  
White moths,  
Fat and soft.  
You shook the transformed raindrops  
From the grapes,  
Purple raindrops on the grapes,  
Falling from the bunch,  
White water,  
Unenchanted water.  
Lost up the earth.

—WILLIAM HIENER





By

J. W.

Barrett

## THE ENGLISH LITERARY SCENE

**F**OR the first time since Caxton's day English letters wait on the pleasure of a printer; for, there being a paper shortage, fewer books of lesser bulk may be produced. This being so, publishers are more fastidious than in the past.

Do not mistake me; publishers' tastes are not more discriminating than before; they still cater for what public they can find. Their new aloofness has nothing to do with literary merit; it is merely a reluctance to invest precious paper in unknown names. A choice having to be made, publishers, since they are business men, prefer familiar formulae and famous men as bait with which to catch a living. Who shall blame them?

While this petrification exists on the production side of literature a complementary (though not corresponding) petrification has been setting in on the reading side. The common reader in England has, during these last few years, changed his generation and his habits of thought. He no longer cares for many traditional forms, and the tired recipes and techniques of pre-war writers are some of his present dislikes.

This divergence between what is published and what is wanted has produced a crisis which will only be resolved when paper is free once more. Interim, a moment of suspense exists between past fashions and future fads. It is a golden opportunity to try and discern both the causes of the crisis and its probable outcome.

\* \* \*

**F**IRST, to pick out a familiar thread, one may safely propose that a reader consider some pre-war giants. For example: D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Shaw, Maugham. Each of these men was a master craftsman with letters; each had some definite thing to say. Their influence on current thought, manners and opinion should be enormous. But is it?

And that's the rub: for it was, but isn't any longer. The common reader has grown up during seven long and bloody years; he is more inclined to reread "The House at Pooh Corner" and "The Wind in the Willows" than "Point Counter Point," or "Back to Methuselah," or even "Sons and Lovers." Indeed, it is con-

ceivable that the common reader will now delegate these four writers, with all their peers, to the limbo at present occupied by Hardy and Kipling.

The truth is that England no longer desires to be informed either by gifted amateurs, or by the effete sarcasms of the Cyrenaics, or by the glib dialectics of materialists. During the war the citizen, the reader, learnt lessons in reality which exposed at once in all their poverty the philosophies of those who sneered, throughout two generations, at those palpable factors in English life generally called "values." It was not so easy, the reader found, to console oneself with the gospel according to Huxley, under a hail of bombs. Maybe Huxley found that out for himself, for he subsequently went into a trance and had published "Grey Eminence," a book as astounding in its artificiality as in its erudition. Today, to continue the tale of disenchantment, the reader finds it increasingly difficult to reconcile his circumstances with the glib arguments of that theoretical reformer, Shaw.

\* \* \*

**I** MUST confess I agree with the common reader's present judgment on the matter. Looking back over the centuries of English literary history it is hard to find a period comparable to the lean years between the wars. Glutted with opinion, cynically agnostic, the era produced men of absolutely brilliant intellect who were perfectly content to write (what the event of war has proved to be) drivel. Sensational drivel, often almost pornographic drivel, but still drivel. It is no wonder, one may reflect in parenthesis, that the Evelyn Waughes, David Garnetts, Linklaters, Flemings, etc. (who by their own brilliance as a half generation were entitled to follow the herd leaders) preferred instead to use their wits to make us giggle, and that the Joyces who had no wits were reduced to gibberish.

Indeed, out of those twenty-one years came precisely what? In 1939 or thereabouts, the first squeaking of a leftist poet born a hundred years too late, the fragile and evasive charm of Isherwood, evidently born a half generation too soon, and a general preference among cultivated Englishmen for American writers,

they cared not whom so long as they were fresh in speech and seemed to assemble something like reality in their works.

This was natural enough. What could English letters then show against Saroyan, or the Sherwood Anderson of "Winesburg Ohio" or, latterly, the Steinbeck of "Cannery Row." Such men and their works proved that foreigners knew better how to write in the English tradition than Englishmen themselves. They were and are, in so far as they still write, the props to the honest and unchanging dictum that to write well one must write simply. The tradition is as old as the Hebrew language and cannot be bettered; the Bible still acts as a criterion and rings a truer note than any achieved by the ponderous sarcasm of the higher critics looking down on life and describing it in the jargon of Jung and Adler, or in the technical language invented by the elder Huxley to describe the messy detail of biology.

\* \* \*

**A**GAINST this bleak reflection that the mantle of English letters has gone abroad I must confess I feel, in compensation, that The Mind, The Thought, The Philosophy, and The Pulse have all remained in or been transferred to England. It is evident in contemporary letters that C. S. Lewis, for example, either in novel or discourse, and in all his works from "The Screwtape Letters" to "That Hideous Strength" has been restating fundamental Truth as it actually is and not as Spender or Victor Gollancz and his team, or even Shaw would like to have it. Moreover, the common reader is buying these brilliant essays by the ten thousand, thus demonstrating once again that, be it Shakespeare or Milton or an Oxford Don, does a man speak The Truth and write it understandably, the common reader will buy it, believe it, and probably fashion the opinions of a generation on it.

I instance C. S. Lewis in this context rather than other writers of his genre because Lewis happens to be a novelist as well as a philosopher. He is, to me, the archetype of the men now slaying the dragon of irresponsible fiction on its own ground. And from it I draw an inference which is all my own and in support of which I am very willing to be burnt at a heretic's stake: I believe that the age of the English novel is done. I believe we are now witnessing a revulsion among educated people from "mere fiction." Of course, fiction will still be written, and in traditional form, but its importance will diminish in direct ratio to the increase in importance of other and more accurate forms of literary expression.

\* \* \*

**I**N order to justify this outrageous assertion I will point, first of all, to comparable literary cataclysms of the



that produced the existing structure, and a description of present-day Swazi society. The third part dealing with Swazi-European interactions is shortly to appear in a separate volume, and will be eagerly anticipated by those who have read this book.

\* \* \*

**DR. KUPER'S** field-work techniques and her method of presentation of her material obviously derive from a number of the current "schools" of anthology, and the result is a fruitful fusion. From Malinowski, under whom Dr. Kuper worked at the London School of Economics, stems her broad functional approach, which stresses the need to study a society in action and lays down the postulate that "the culture of each society is a whole greater than the sum total of isolated traits" and that, accordingly, a change in any particular aspect of culture sets up a series of changes of greater or lesser magnitude throughout the society. But Dr. Kuper, as she herself points out, does not accept the Functionalist approach in toto, and, while retaining its basic concepts, has advanced by focusing her description on the salient aspects of Swazi culture.

From the historical school, Dr. Kuper has adopted a sound historical approach. She firmly rejects any attempted reconstruction of the past, but uses such established historical data as are available to trace the development of the existing structure. Known Swazi history falls into two major phases—both of conquest. The first period, covering roughly three hundred years up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, culminated in the dominance of the Dlamini clan and the establishment of the Swazi nation under the rule of a King, assisted by the Queen-mother and a number of Councils, Chiefs and appointed officials.

The second period, which commenced more than one hundred years ago with the advent of the European, brought about a different type of conquest, which gradually curtailed the powers that made Bantu leadership effective. "In the Bantu system, conquest was by open force followed by re-integration and fusion of the culture of the conquered and conquerors. An aristocracy of birth was established, but it was prevented from ruthlessly exploiting the people by the diffusion of power among various officials and councils . . . The European conquerors used economic pressure of a type incomprehensible to their opponents, although this economic pressure was in fact backed by the power of force . . . When domination was finally established, the Europeans asserted themselves as a white ruling aristocracy."

\* \* \*

**BUT** what gives the book its main imprint—namely, of logical consistency—is the inspiration which Dr. Kuper apparently drew from the American school of "culture-pattern" anthropologists, and led her to present her material in terms of what her two years' field-work in Swaziland impressed her as being the dominant orientation of Swazi life: rank—which is the measurement of social status. She limits herself, on the whole, to the traditional orientation, and I assume that in the companion volume she will deal with the rank order of the European conquerors and the changes in Swazi rank and status brought about by European conquest.

Thirty-four

Dr. Kuper's book gives a "picture of a society in which pedigree is used to evaluate members on a social scale, and determines duties, privileges and attitudes." It is rank, a hereditary rank determined by birth, which controls the behaviour of individuals and groups. The king, as the head of the ruling Dlamini clan, is the pinnacle of the hierarchical political structure. Ritual occasions symbolise and reinforce this system, and religion buttresses it. It is true that wealth, as understood in terms of Western culture, did not exist in a subsistence-economy society, where land was the right of all, specialisation apart from divining and smithing unknown, and cattle and wives the only real measure of wealth. Yet wealth—in the Swazi sense—also coincided with political power, "political power creating wealth."

\* \* \*

**DR. KUPER** stresses the conservatism of Swazi society. All peasant communities are conservative, and where a whole nation consists of peasants, as do the Swazi, it is not surprising to find a conservatism so deeply entrenched. It is a system which functions effectively under stable conditions, and in itself perpetuates stability. "Peasant life," states Dr. Kuper, "in a difficult country isolated from intimate contact with the processes rather than the products of industrialism, does not produce rapid development. The partial control achieved over environment satisfies the fundamental needs of food and shelter. The existing technology is sanctioned by custom and convention, by the ethics of the ancestral cult, and by taboos." But this must not be taken to imply any innate inability to effect changes.

The Swazi, as Dr. Kuper points out, have shown as great an adaptability in urban areas as have other Africans, taking up new occupations and trades and moulding themselves to the totally different conditions and demands of urban life in town shaped by Europeans.

\* \* \*

**AND** finally, a word must be said about the vividness which characterises Dr. Kuper's writing. She has produced an eminently readable book, while at the same time confining her self strictly to the sociologically relevant. This is not one of those anthropological books, of which there are not a few, which leaves one with the impression that the writer, too deeply enamoured of his notebooks, has embodied them almost whole in his final text.

I was gratefully aware of the discipline Dr. Kuper had exercised in pruning



"How often have I asked you not to read in bed?" —N.Y. Times

rigorously and in inserting from the richness of her observations and records only the essentials. And the book does not suffer, but gains thereby. Her description of the *incwala* ceremony (which "strengthens kingship" and emphasises the sum total of kingship, with the sacrament of the first fruits as one of a complex series of rites) pulsates with the drama and mounting tension of a ceremony which is the most essential national event of the year, "the heavy play of all the people."

\* \* \*

**"THESE THINGS HE GAVE,"** by Simon Dare. Published by John Long, Ltd., London.

**"THE JOURNEY AND THE DREAM,"** by Hugh Popham. Published by John Lane, London.

**IT** is difficult to write poetry, easy to write verse. Simon Dare has, apparently, a long list of publications to his credit, but I cannot imagine, judging from the present volume, that any of them have any genuine poetic value. Although they follow quite good unrhymed patterns, the choice of words is only fair, and the sentiment conventional. They paint pleasing little pictures, but they evoke no strong emotional response.

Mr. Popham, on the contrary, strives after genuine poetry, and his work rises above rhyme and sentiment to a true poetic expression. He uses words with care, and he has a gift for images; the music of his verses lingers, and his images etch a sharp pattern in the mind.

" . . . from the night's grey scabbard  
slides the blade of day."  
"Each forsake his private hell  
and each the lover at his side  
and find on heath and copse and hill  
if he or God had died."

These quotations indicate the qualities of Mr. Popham's poetry. His work has its limitations (he never becomes more than a minor poet), but within those limitations the work is good. —E. B.

**ESSAYS BY DIVERS HANDS** — Edited by the Hon. Harold Nicolson, Oxford University Press.

**THE** essay is a dying art, and those of us whose thought readily slips into this form of expression, finding it difficult to get accustomed to a more closely fitting garment, will welcome its preservation under rather august auspices, being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom, New Series, Vol. XXIII, edited by the Hon. Harold Nicolson, C.M.G., F.R.S.L., London. Geoffrey Cumberlege. Oxford University Press.

This distinguished patronage notwithstanding, they are quite delightful specimens of the craft. Most of them deal with literary genres. Thus Mr. L. A. G. Strong discusses with a fine display of erudition and the inside knowledge of the practitioner, the technique of the short story; while Dr. Gooch does the same for the historical novel. Mr. Ivor Brown, the dramatic critic, considers the question whether there can be a revival of poetic drama in the modern theatre; while Dr. Joseph Bard reflects knowledgeably on the nature of the poetic afflatus. The essay on Emily Dickinson, by Willard Connely, leaves us with the impression that God has created nothing lonelier than a woman of genius in the nineteenth century. Her challenge to masculine supremacy could only be expiated by celibacy and solitary confinement, or, alternately, her abject abasement

TREK—Sept., 1947



before some mediocre male.

THESE essays are solid with learning; although they are often seasoned with charm and levity. Being by divers hands they differ, of course, in texture and quality. At times the fare before us tastes like the standard loaf; at times like a raisin loaf made of sifted flour (by royal dispensation). At any rate, all we can do here is to pick out one or two of the raisins. Mr. Ivor Brown, in trying to refute the suggestion that our contemporary speech employs new rhythms, makes the startling revelation that the iambic pentameter is still the basis of our ordinary talk. "Just pop along and get a loaf of bread"; "I'm going to take my cutie to the flicks." These utterances, if you scan them, are really ten-syllabled blank verse. This is the most momentous discovery since Molière's immortal character discovered that he was speaking prose.

Literary aspirants among my readers might perhaps like me to copy for them Mr. Strong's recipe for the short story. He advocates rigid economy and undeviating progress in one direction towards its climax. "No admission except on business: that is the warning that must be given to every character, every property, every idea, every sentence."

For myself I like best the following flourish from "Only a Poet's Word," by Joseph Bard. "But the difference between poet and non-poet depends on the energy of the poetic vision: has it the power to save things, people and events from the customary movement towards oblivion which is called existence, or does it—by breathing another meaning, significance and virtue into them—make some segments of the chaotic and evanescent natural world live in the memory of man."

—J. S.

\* \* \*

"THE LONELY." By Paul Gallico. London: Michael Joseph Ltd.

It is disappointing to find the author of that beautiful and sensitive story, "The Snow Goose," turning his hand to the mediocre novelesque of "The Lonely." This story of an American airman in England who persuades a British W.A.A.F. to accompany him on leave as his bed-companion remains sordid in spite of the writer's strenuous efforts to idealise it, and in spite of the airman's qualms of conscience which lead him to break his engagement with his American fiancée and marry the W.A.A.F. girl. From Paul Gallico one has a right to expect better than this.

—E.B.

\* \* \*

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

"Bevin Boy." By Derek Agnew. London: George Allen and Unwin.

"Touch-Stone." By Lillian Janet. New York: Rinehart and Company.

"Journey Into a Picture." By Mary Bosanquet. London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.

"Jungle Pimpernel." By Lloyd Rhys. London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.

"Religion and Society." By Radhakrishnan. London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd.

"Science Advances." By J. B. S. Haldane. London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd.

"Catherine the Great and the Expansion of Russia." By Gladys Scott Thomson. London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd.



By  
Stanley  
Glucksman

GOLD price rumours have continued unabated and have been a contributory factor towards the boomlet in gold shares experienced in London and local markets during the past few weeks.

Activity in Kaffirs was stimulated by Mr. Attlee's outline of Government measures to combat Britain's desperate economic position. Some of the City's worst fears, such as a capital levy or a forced loan, had not materialised. Nor had talk of a curtailment or stoppage of overseas investments (including South African), which was having a disturbing effect on the Kaffir Market, materialised. This was to be expected.

As Dr. de Kock pointed out in his speech at the annual general meeting of the South African Reserve Bank, an increase in British investments in this country would increase the amount of gold sent to Britain from this country, gold which she needs as desperately as dollars. Thus an increase rather than a decrease in her investments in this country could be expected.

An increase in investments in gold shares did take place following Mr. Attlee's speech. A noticeable switch from industrials and even gilt-edged into Kaffirs took place as a policy which could not miss—if there was a depression the cost structure of the mines would decrease. Otherwise gold shares would benefit from a rise in the price of gold.

\* \* \*

RUMOURS that this was imminent were rife following Mr. Attlee's speech and the Anglo-American Economic Conference in Washington. Gold shares were eagerly sought, and interest spread to shares of Far West Rand and Free State counters.

At the time of writing the boomlet has died down and a reaction in prices has taken place. This was a direct result of Mr. Dalton's announcement of the non-convertibility of sterling into dollars. The temporary suspension of convertibility as an alternative to imminent devaluation of sterling came as a surprise to market

bulls. Britain's insistence on keeping sterling a strong currency as long as possible caused some selling of shares which had risen in expectation of imminent devaluation.

I feel, however, that gold shares should be bought rather than sold to-day. It is my opinion that the price of gold will rise. Though I agree with Dr. de Kock that, from the points of view of the countries with whom the decision mainly rests, a rise in the price of gold now will exert an inflationary influence at a time when inflation still has to be combated over a large part of the world, it is still the one commodity which has not risen in price in a world of increasing commodity increases; and we can look forward, if not to an imminent rise, at least to a rise in the not distant future. But gold shares should almost immediately benefit from a different source.

\* \* \*

THE suspension of British sterling convertibility into dollars will mean a large restriction of purchases in America from the sterling areas. This will soon mean a recession in American trade and a consequent reduction in commodity prices in America and ultimately world prices. This would greatly lower the cost structure of our mines and increase profits.

This, added to the healthier technical position of the market to-day, would make this a good time for investing in shares. Scrip is firmly held, and a large selling wave is unlikely. I would therefore recommend gold shares such as City Deep, Daggas, Government Areas, South Roodepoorts and Marievale for better dividends and probable capital appreciation, as well as the more advanced developers of the Far West Rand and Free States.

On a better market, the New Union Group of shares, especially Union Free States, can be expected to improve. Free State Gold Areas should continue their improvement when results on Erfdeel (east of Welkom) are published.



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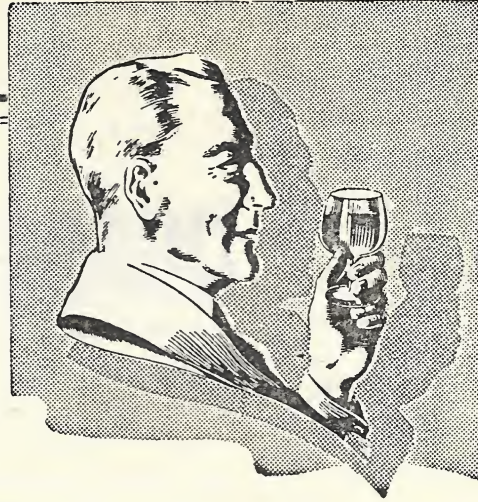


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# FOOD and WINE



## POTLUCK

"WHO can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies? The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her"; indeed, he trusts in her and rings her up ten minutes before dinner, announcing that he will bring two friends. He knows, of course: "She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar"; in spite of that he says: "You will manage, dear!"

Provided the virtuous woman has the fatted calf and some measures of fine meal at hand, she may serve a dinner in about 25 minutes. The unsophisticated menu: Fresh calf's liver, grilled on an aromatic wood fire and served with unleavened bread newly baked in the hot ash. This is potluck, which was appreciated even by heaven, dropping in at the first patriarch. But what is to be done, if she wants to offer something more elaborate and that at 10-15 minutes' notice?

IT is good to have an iron ration put aside for such occasions, comprising, if possible, a whole dinner. I would suggest the purchase of elegant canned food for this purpose, though feeding guests on conserves may seem horrid to many a virtuous woman. "Let her own works praise her in the gates" is the last verse in the above-quoted "Words of King Lemuel—the Prophecy that his Mother taught him" (Proverbs 31).

Far be it from me to encourage the South African housewife to feed her guests and her family out of tins on the same scale as her American sister does. Yet I have to point out that many among us are still too prejudiced against an occasional meal out of tins. Many canned goods are excellent and our conserves must not be taken for the tinned stuff of the time when the canning industry was in its cradle. Some people are slow to realise change. They still mistake the loose weave of the British Commonwealth for the firm and rough material of Victoria's Empire, and to them their grandma's judgment on tins (which was quite sound) still corresponds to facts.

TREK—Sept., 1947

To eat much canned instead of home-cooked food will make no difference to a family's health, if it is not boiled again and if enough additional raw salads and fruits are served. We have no reason to pride ourselves that we use much less canned goods than the Americans. Our servants' wages are low, so we let them cook in the house, and the American housewife, buying a can, buys with it canned service cheap.

AMONG canned goods on the South African market we find a good selection of tasty soups (mostly American). Soups of this kind are often improved by warming them up. One could not do them better if they were freshly prepared. The South African canning industry is at its best in its vegetables and fruits. There is no South African tinned meat, but there are some Rhodesian brands on the market. The selection in canned meat dishes is very restricted. Some of our fish conserves are excellent in spite of their low price. Yet, buying them, we must not forget that Government control guards only our health, not our taste. We should ask that all Government standards for exports are enforced on the home market (this applies also to the quality of our liquor). Starchy ready-made food (noodles, etc.) are not bad, but they are of a higher quality if made in the home—at higher costs.

Especially ambitious housewives will give canned soups a more personal touch by seasoning them, e.g., with some drops of lemon juice (this improves also the taste of home-made soups, which are warmed up). Such a little dash of lemon juice may also enliven quite a few brands of canned fruit and jams. (To preserve them well, canners are forced to use more sugar than suits everybody's taste.) If you sprinkle some fresh finely chopped parsley or cloves on canned soups, vegetables and stews (just before serving them), your guests will not guess that they have not been made in your kitchen.

That most people still do not like to confess to serving canned food may be inferred from the case that canned vegetables, etc., find the biggest sale just when the fresh article is in season. This is bad policy in making menus.

The vitamin question doesn't enter the picture: food cooked at the low temperature possible in the vacuum and warmed up quickly will usually have not lost more vitamins than home-cooked food.

—ALLEC.

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(Continued from Page 27)

foster a love for art among many young Johannesburgers, and put them on the right line. He has a technique which commands respect, and considerable versatility.

—OLIVER WALKER.

#### ANNE-MARIE OPPENHEIM

I RECENTLY attended a private view of Anne-Marie Oppenheim's latest paintings, and, if anything, those qualities in her work which captivated my imagination when I visited her show at the Gainsborough Galleries about two years ago have gained in power and depth during this interval. The distinguishing characteristics of this artist's work are strength and sincerity, combined with a remarkable degree of sensitiveness in her approach to the subject, and a fluency of execution that at times is almost startling.

Because temperamentally (and perhaps for other reasons) I am most strongly drawn to her watercolours, I am afraid that I might not always be able to do sufficient justice to Anne-Marie Oppenheim's oil paintings, which are nevertheless highly distinctive, both in manner and feeling, and which on their own, if only for their astonishing colour-harmonies, would have won for her an assured place in any country as an artist of the first rank: that is, even if she had never painted a single watercolour. In this connection I am thinking particularly of a couple of interiors and several still lifes as well as a number of portraits—one of which, the head of a native girl with a green doek, is not only a piece of superb craftsmanship, but has also captured something that is authentically African: an essence that is part poetry and part brutality.

And so I come to Anne-Marie Oppenheim's watercolours. One glance at them, and you know you are looking at the work of a master. The colours, dripping from a full brush, are splashed on and left. There is nothing to be touched up. Just as the artist guided the brush over the white surface in triumphant certainty—that this the final authority—that is art. Anne-Marie Oppenheim's watercolours are things to revel in. Her brushstrokes, when she really lets herself go, are fascinating in the very daring of their accuracy. It is like a gamble that must come off every time.

I recall especially her pictures of the

Thames Embankment, and of Swiss schoolgirls. You can get that apparent wildness only through years of disciplined devotion to your art. Our younger South African artists (who start holding exhibitions before they have got to a proper understanding even of the rudiments of drawing and painting) have a lot to learn from her.

#### HENDRIK PIERNEEF (Transvaler Gallery).

BECAUSE Pierneef is one of the big names in South African art, his exhibition at the Transvaler Gallery is an event of more than ordinary importance. To the lover of this artist's work the walls of the gallery must be a dazzling sight—12 of Pierneef's latest oils, all painted in the same manner, the canvases displaying an amazing uniformity in respect of colours, composition, subject matter, feeling and treatment.

To me, in spite of the wide expanses of yellow grass and the vistas of thorn-trees, painted in mauves and warm browns and complete with Pierneef-curved branches, and the various tones of blue in mountains and skies and distance—to me, the general effect of Pierneef's latest landscapes was not exhilarating. I was left with the feeling that Pierneef had succeeded only in conventionalising his own art, in the same way that he had long ago succeeded in stylising the South African scene. I felt about this exhibition very much as I would feel about a roomful of Sydney Carter watercolours, painted in his last period, when he could turn out a good enough job easily, almost mechanically, and when there was no longer in his work the fire of struggle and the urge to adventure.

I am not trying to suggest that Pierneef is in any way an ordinary painter. He has hammered out for himself a strongly individualistic technique, and it is obvious that all his resources of sincerity and imagination went into the creation and development of a form of artistic expression that stamps him as a painter of quality and originality.

But there are some aspects of his work about which I am not happy. His proneness to trick effects leads to stereotyped arrangements—in their character a form of disguised geometry—which take the place of depth. I feel that he has overcome many of the difficulties of light and contour which the African scene presents. He has solved these problems on bold lines—and in the course of it he has sacrificed much that constitutes the essential blood and sinew of Africa and of art. Nevertheless, Pierneef paints with rare skill and delicacy, and he has positive qualities of craftsmanship which the discriminating critic does not overlook.

—H. C. B.

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# **SOUTH AFRICAN RESERVE BANK**

## **Immediate Danger of Business Recession**

In presenting to you the Balance Sheet and Accounts as at the 31st March, 1947, and the Report of the Board of Directors, I have pleasure in explaining the items which call for comment.

### **RESERVE FUND: £2,121,690**

There was an increase of £1,034,308 over the amount shown in the previous balance sheet. Under the Finance Act of 1946, a sum of £1,000,000 was allocated to the Bank's Reserve Fund out of the profit on the revaluation of its gold reserves as at the 30th June, 1946; and a further sum of £34,308, representing one-tenth of the surplus profit for the year 1946-47, was paid into the Reserve Fund in accordance with Section 16(3) of the Reserve Bank Act.

### **NOTES IN CIRCULATION: £63,136,714**

Our note issue showed a decline of £3,162,000 during the past year—the first year for which a decrease has been reported since 1932.

The peak of £67,878,000 for our note circulation was reached at the end of December, 1945, since when the month-end figure has gradually and steadily declined. Even after allowing for the appreciable rise in the price level and in the national income and for the increase of £3,500,000 in the amount of notes held as till money by the commercial banks, the present month-end figure of £63,000,000 for our note issue, as compared with £19,200,000 in August, 1939, would appear to be considerably more than is required in the Union for the normal purposes of circulating currency and ready cash in hand. There is good reason, therefore, to expect a further decline as more goods become available and a lower level of prices is reached.

### **DEPOSITS: £155,928,535**

There was a net decrease of £65,197,000 in our total deposits, in conjunction with a large reduction in our gold and exchange holdings as a result of an unfavourable balance of payments for the Union during the year,

which will be discussed later.

Bankers' reserve accounts showed an increase of £1,516,000, reflecting the further increase in the commercial banks' deposit liabilities in the Union, and thus in the minimum reserve balances which they were required by law to keep with the Reserve Bank. Their current account balances with the Bank, on the other hand, decreased by £54,720,000.

On Government and Provincial accounts there was a decline of £15,336,000, namely, from £32,909,000 to £17,573,000. For various reasons, Government and Provincial deposits with the Bank stood at an unusually high level throughout 1946, the average month-end figure for that year being about £30,000,000. The decrease during the first quarter of 1947 was associated with the settlement of the bulk of the Lend-Lease commitment to the United States.

On other accounts, however, there was an increase of £3,343,000, mainly due to the new accounts which were opened for the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development in connection with the cash subscriptions made in local currency by the Union Government as a member of these institutions. The deposits on account of the Fund and the Bank amounted to £2,482,000 and £45,000, respectively, at the 31st March, 1947.

### **GOLD COIN AND BULLION: £197,397,981**

In the previous balance sheet the Bank's gold reserve was shown as £123,071,000, valued at the old statutory price of 84s. 11.45d. per fine ounce. If calculated at the new statutory price of 172s. per fine ounce, as in the case of this year's figure, our holding of gold coin and bullion at the 31st March, 1946, would have amounted to £249,171,000. Our gold reserve, therefore, showed a decrease of £51,773,000 during the year, due to a variety of causes which will be dealt with later.

### **SUBSIDIARY COIN: £386,951**

There was an increase of £19,000 in our holdings of silver and bronze coin. The total holdings of such coin by the commercial banks also increased by £76,000.

The coin circulation of the Union has remained relatively stable during the past three years. According to our estimates, the amount of coin in the hands of the public, which had increased from £4,000,000 in September, 1939, to £7,400,000 in September, 1944, dropped slightly to £7,200,000 in March, 1946, and again stood at that figure in March, 1947.

### **BALANCES WITH OVERSEAS CENTRAL BANKS: £4,695,047 BALANCE EMPLOYED UNDER GUARANTEE OF BANK OF ENGLAND: £1,475,000**

Our credit balances on current account with overseas central banks, primarily the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, showed an increase of £3,154,000, while there was also an increase of £1,100,000 in the amount of money employed in the London market. These balances fluctuate considerably from day to day according to the nature and extent of our overseas transactions.

### **FOREIGN BILLS DISCOUNTED: £9,952,367**

Our holdings of foreign bills decreased by £36,726,000, which was partly counterbalanced by the increase of £4,254,000 in our other exchange resources. This net decrease of £32,472,000, which will be discussed later in conjunction with the reduction in our gold reserves, represented the excess of our sales of exchange over our sales of gold and purchases of exchange during the year.

The foreign bills held by the Bank at the 31st March, 1947, consisted mainly of British Treas-

ury bills and United States certificates of indebtedness.

### **DOMESTIC BILLS DISCOUNTED: £500,000**

This amount represented rediscounts of Union Treasury bills as temporary accommodation.

### **LOANS AND ADVANCES: £3,591,924**

There was a decrease of £1,235,000 in this item, which still consisted entirely of advances made to Government or quasi-Government bodies, primarily for the importation of essential commodities.

### **GOVERNMENT SECURITIES: £2,898,019 OTHER SECURITIES: £133,474**

Our holdings of Union Government securities showed a net increase of £245,000, while we also acquired £133,000 Union Municipal securities for the first time.

During the past year we purchased such of the remaining Union Government and Municipal sterling stocks as were obtainable at ruling prices on the London market. Altogether the cost of the stocks so obtained amounted to about £450,000, including a total premium of £42,000, which was written off at the end of the year because we intend to keep these stocks as an investment until maturity, when we will only receive par value. The stocks concerned have been transferred to the South African registers wherever possible.

Our object in deciding to purchase Union Government and Municipal stocks domiciled in London was, firstly, to convert a part of our then surplus sterling investments into securities giving an appreciably higher yield, and, secondly, by transferring such securities to the South African registers, to increase our local investment portfolio without any corresponding creation of credit in the Union. The offerings of Union sterling securities were, however, on such a small scale and at such



high prices that we have suspended our purchases on the London market. We were also influenced by the fact that in the meantime our surplus sterling holdings had been absorbed by heavy sales of exchange.

**FIXED PROPERTY: £1**

During the past year we spent £43,663 on fixed property, which has been written off out of profits, thus leaving this item again at £1 as in the previous balance sheet.

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT**

There was an increase of £41,000 in our gross revenue, after making provision for income tax, rebate on bills discounted, premium written off investments, and sundry liabilities. The revenue from discounts showed a substantial decrease, due to the big decline in our holdings of foreign bills; but this was more than counterbalanced by the increase in our exchange profits, as a result of a much larger exchange turnover for the year.

General expenditure is shown at £91,000 more than in the previous year. Of this increase, however, £60,000 represented a provision for bank note expenses which was not included under general expenditure during the last few years owing to irregular deliveries of note forms under the abnormal conditions, but was treated as a contingent liability in respect of notes on order at the end of the year and as such deducted from gross revenue. The remaining increase of £30,000 arose mainly out of a general rise in salary scales and cost of living allowances.

Thus, the net profit declined from £488,659 to £443,080, which, after the payment of 10 per cent. to stockholders and the allocation of £34,308 to the Reserve Fund, left £308,772 to be paid to the Government as against £349,793 in the previous year.

**GOLD TRANSACTIONS**

During the year ended 31st March, 1947, the Bank purchased gold to the amount of £97,986,000, of which £97,494,000 was obtained from gold producers in the Union. The latter amount was substantially smaller than last year, mainly due to the strike on the mines during the early part of 1947, which caused a loss of about

£5,000,000 in the gold output.

Our total gold sales amounted to £149,759,000, which was distributed as follows:

£86,016,000 to the Bank of England;

£54,934,000 to the United States Assay Office in New York;

£6,631,000 to the Union Treasury for the purpose of its gold subscriptions to the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development;

£982,000 to the "People of Britain Fund";

£823,000 to the Government of Mozambique in respect of deferred pay due to Mozambique natives employed on the mines in the Union; and

£373,000 to jewellers, dentists, etc., in the Union.

All the figures mentioned above are based on the new statutory gold price of 172s. per fine ounce. Under the Finance Act of 1946, all gold acquired by the Bank after the 30th June, 1946, as well as the gold held by it on that date, was to be valued in its Gold Coin and Bullion Account at 172s. per fine ounce, while any difference between this price and the price at which it bought or sold gold after that date was to be accounted for in a Gold Price Adjustment Account for the profit or loss of the Government. As more gold was sold than bought by the Bank during the year, and as the net price realised in the Union exceeded the statutory price, there was a credit balance of £154,000 in the Gold Price Adjustment Account at the 31st March, 1947. In terms of the Act concerned, any credit or debit balance in this account is to be carried forward until such time as either the Treasury or the Bank deems it desirable that a settlement of the outstanding balance shall be effected.

The sales of gold to the Bank of England were made in terms of the existing gold agreement, under which that Bank undertook to buy all gold offered to it by the Reserve Bank at 172s. 6d. per fine ounce delivered at Cape Town, Durban or Port Elizabeth, subject to a net minimum of £70,000,000 per annum and to adjustment of the price in the event of certain occurrences. In accordance with the agreement, the Bank of England also provided against sterling

all our requirements of foreign currencies except such U.S. dollars as we acquired by direct gold shipments to New York. The current agreement covers the calendar years 1946 and 1947 and thus expires at the end of December, 1947.

The gold shipped to the United States was realised at the official price of 35 dollars per fine ounce, less the handling charge of  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. and assay, melting and delivery charges in New York, and also less the costs of shipment from the Union to New York. The net price realised in U.S. dollars was slightly higher than the sterling price converted into dollars at the selling rate of the Bank of England. The difference, however, is so small that if the net dollar price were in turn converted into sterling at the buying rate of the Bank of England, the resultant sterling price would be somewhat less than that which we now receive from the Bank of England. Nevertheless, on account of the slight advantage in obtaining dollars by direct shipment, the whole of the Union's net requirements of U.S. dollars for trade or other purposes, including the total Lend-Lease settlement, has since August, 1946, been met from the proceeds of gold sales in New York.

The remainder of our gold sales during the year, namely, £8,800,000, was made against Union currency for the special purposes mentioned above. Thus, the whole of our sales of gold for the normal purpose of acquiring foreign exchange passed through the two main official channels at the net monetary price for gold.

The Union has refrained from selling gold at the considerable premiums prevailing on the free or black markets in various parts of the world, not only because these markets are relatively narrow and cannot in any case furnish us with dollars or sterling in appreciable amounts, if at all, but also because both the Government and ourselves consider that the monetary position of gold, which has once more been safeguarded under the Bretton Woods Agreements, will be undermined in the long run by sales of gold at prices far above monetary parity. In fact, owing to the growing menace of gold sales at varying premiums, the Inter-

national Monetary Fund recently recommended to all member countries that they take effective action to prevent international gold transactions at prices above monetary parity, on the grounds that "exchange stability may be undermined by continued and increasing external purchases and sales of gold at prices which directly or indirectly produce exchange transactions at depreciated rates," and that "these transactions involve a loss to monetary reserves, since much of the gold goes into private hoards rather than into central holdings."

Our primary interest as the principal gold-producing country lies in helping to maintain the monetary position of gold. In common with gold producers elsewhere, our gold industry has suffered severely from the world-wide inflation of prices and costs under the impact of war and post-war conditions. It cannot, however, look for salvation to a free-market premium which will in any event be a temporary gain, at the expense of disruption and instability in exchange relationships. Its salvation depends mainly on a lowering of its cost structure, which should automatically come in due course with a downward readjustment of the present abnormally high level of world prices, and which the Government as well as the mines themselves should facilitate in every way possible. The Reserve Bank, on its part, will continue to work in the direction of securing the best net price obtainable through the official channels.

As far as a higher world price for gold is concerned, we must not, on account of self-interest, lose sight of the fact that there are other important factors besides the present predicament of gold producers to be considered, and that a rise in the gold price can now only be attained by international agreement through the International Monetary Fund and in the form of a uniform change in the gold parities of currencies of member countries. While it is true that, as compared with pre-war levels, the monetary price of gold has got out of alignment with commodity prices and with national debts and bank liabilities, it must also be borne in mind that, from the viewpoint of the countries with whom the decision mainly



rests, a rise in the gold price now will exert an inflationary influence at a time when inflation has still to be combated over a large part of the world. In short, we must reckon with the probability that an upward readjustment of the monetary price of gold would only be seriously considered in international circles as an anti-deflationary measure and an instrument towards counteracting a sharp decline in world purchasing power, if and when undue deflationary pressure again asserted itself and other measures failed to stem the tide.

Before leaving the subject of gold transactions, I feel that I should refer to the extensive earmarking operations which the Bank has undertaken for various central banks. This earmarking of gold by the Bank, which dates back to 1938 and was at first made available also to commercial banks and other parties overseas, assumed considerable proportions during the war due to shipping difficulties. Under war conditions, and for some time after the war, we sold gold only in the Union, and such gold was earmarked in the first instance for account of the buyer, who was to ship the gold abroad as suitable opportunities offered themselves. Some big shipments were made by warships during the war, and since the end of the war a large amount of gold has been shipped by the owners thereof to London, New York and elsewhere. At the 31st March, 1947, we still held earmarked gold to the amount of £378,000,000, the bulk of which represented gold previously sold by us to the parties concerned or swapped by us for gold abroad, while the remainder consisted of gold produced in other territories and delivered to the Bank for safe custody after being refined at the Rand Refinery, or of gold reserves transferred here from a few countries during the war for safe keeping. By the end of June last the amount of earmarked gold had been reduced to £323,000,000, and this amount will be further reduced from time to time as shipments of such gold are effected in excess of new earmarkings.

## EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS

During the past year the Bank had a record exchange turnover. Our sales of foreign exchange amounted to £180,607,000, of which £141,745,000 was met out of the sterling and dollar proceeds of gold sales and £6,390,000 out of other receipts of foreign exchange during the year, while the remaining £32,472,000 was settled by drawing on our existing exchange holdings as at the 31st March, 1946.

The total sales of foreign exchange by the South African banks, which give a better indication of the Union's external requirements for all purposes, after eliminating duplication between the Reserve Bank and the commercial banks, amounted to £366,000,000 during the year ended 31st March, 1947, as compared with an annual average of about £170,000,000 for the calendar years 1943-45. Of the amount of £366,000,000 for the past year, sterling accounted for £252,000,000, United States dollars £97,000,000, Canadian dollars £12,000,000, and other currencies £5,000,000.

As a result of these exceptionally large sales of exchange, the Bank's exchange holdings, which had in the previous year risen from £32,883,000 to £48,594,000, dropped to £16,122,000 at the 31st March, 1947. This amount consisted of £6,305,000 sterling, £9,815,000 dollars and £2,000 other currencies. In addition to the reduction of £32,472,000 in our exchange holdings, there was a decline of £51,773,000 in our gold reserves, as mentioned previously. Thus, there was a total decrease of £84,245,000 in our gold and exchange holdings during the year, which clearly shows the extent of the tremendous change which took place in the Union's balance of payments after a long and unbroken series of favourable balances.

The main reason for the large decrease in our gold and exchange holdings, which constitute almost the whole of the Union's reserves of international currency, was the net increase in the country's imports of merchandise. The preliminary trade figures for 1946 show imports of over £210,000,000, as against £112,000,000 in 1945,

and exports (other than gold) of £97,000,000 and £77,000,000 respectively. Thus, there was an approximate net increase of £78,000,000 in our imports over our exports of merchandise in 1946. While the net figure for the year ended 31st March, 1947, might be found to differ from that for the calendar year 1946, it would probably not be much less, if any, than the amount of £78,000,000 for the latter period. The abnormally high level of imports during the past 18 months is, of course, associated with the tremendous backlog of demand for consumers' and producers' goods which had to be met, and also with the inflated price levels in the countries which are our principal suppliers. The full extent of the increase in the value of our imports can only be gauged by comparing the figure of £210,000,000 for 1946 with that of £102,000,000 for 1920, when more or less similar conditions prevailed, and £103,000,000 for 1937, which represented the peak of our imports before the last war.

The other principal factors which contributed toward the decline in our gold and exchange holdings during the past year were the following: the payment of about 86,000,000 dollars out of the Lend-Lease commitment of 100,000,000 dollars; the payment of accumulated dividends to shareholders of South African companies in France and other countries formerly occupied by the enemy; the gold subscriptions of over £6,600,000 to the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank; and the reduction of over £5,000,000 in the gold output, due mainly to the strike on the mines during the first quarter of 1947.

On the other hand, there were certain countervailing factors, such as the net inflow of capital, the smaller overseas payments in connection with the maintenance or repatriation of our troops, and the reduced remittances of current dividends to overseas shareholders owing principally to the lower profits earned by the mines.

The inflow of capital played an important part in reducing the impact of the net increase in imports and other factors on our gold and exchange holdings. It is not yet possible to give any accurate estimate of the amount of capital

which flows in or out of the Union during any period, as it takes place in various forms, all of which cannot be controlled for statistical purposes. Apart from straight inward and outward transfers, in respect of which the banks assist us in keeping a record of substantial amounts, there are numerous two-way transactions between the London and Johannesburg Stock Exchanges; there are various married or partly married transactions of a general nature, due to the close commercial and financial relations between the Union and Great Britain; and part of the capital raised abroad is frequently retained there in anticipation of commitments. During the year ended 31st March, 1947, there was, as far as we can judge from our records of exchange transactions, an appreciable net inflow of capital, largely during the first quarter of 1947. The amount, however, is not nearly as large as is believed in certain circles, probably because no account is taken of the outflow that also takes place much of the time. We consider that the net amount could not have been much more than £20,000,000 during the year concerned.

In spite of this substantial net inflow of capital, the Union's balance of payments has experienced a severe turn, as reflected in a reduction of £84,000,000 in our gold and exchange reserves during the past year. At our meeting a year ago I pointed out that an adverse balance of payments could be expected, for perhaps two or three years, due to a heavy increase in imports of all kinds of goods and to the special overseas commitments which had then still to be settled and which were previously referred to.

The accumulated demand for ordinary consumers' goods now appears to have been largely met, and the overseas commitments arising out of the war have been settled. There is, however, still an appreciable backlog of producers' goods to be worked off; and there is also the considerable amount of capital equipment and building materials which will be required in connection with the opening of the new gold mines in the Orange Free State and on the Far West Rand, the expansion of the steel and allied industries, and the provision of the various facilities and services associated there-



with. In due course the increased output of gold and steel or other products should relieve our balance of payments position and ultimately produce favourable balances again; but in the meantime we anticipate that, in the absence of an abnormal inflow of capital, our net sales of exchange will continue to exceed the current gold output which will, of course, further reduce our gold and exchange reserves. The rate of decrease could, however, be expected to proceed at a much slower tempo than during the past year and might show an appreciable drop as soon as a substantial decline in overseas price levels takes place.

Notwithstanding the large decrease in our reserves, we still held, at the 31st March, 1947, £197,000,000 gold which represented 91 per cent. of our total note and deposit liabilities, and in addition we had £16,000,000 foreign exchange. While, for the reasons mentioned above, we anticipate a further decline, we are confident that our gold and exchange holdings will continue to be more than adequate for all the purposes of external and internal reserves, and that our currency will remain one of the soundest currencies in the world.

With regard to exchange rates, our telegraphic and selling rates for sterling have remained unchanged. Consequent, however, upon the narrowing of the margin in the London rates for United States and Canadian dollars, we also reduced the margin in our rates for those currencies on the 20th January, 1947, when the following changes became effective:

South Africa on New York:

T.T. Buying Rate (old) 4.03½;  
(new) 4.03½.

T.T. Selling Rate (old) 4.00½;  
(new) 4.00½.

South Africa on Canada:

T.T. Buying Rate (old) 4.04½;  
(new) 4.03½.

T.T. Selling Rate (old) 3.99½;  
(new) 4.00½.

## MONETARY AND BANKING REVIEW

There was a further increase in the volume of money in circulation in the Union during 1946, the year-end figure being £394,000,000 as compared with £349,000,000 at the

end of 1945. The peak of £402,000,000 was reached in June, 1946, and was touched again in August, 1946, since when there has been a declining tendency. At the 31st March, 1947, the amount stood at £376,000,000, which was only £1,000,000 more than in March, 1946. Between these two dates, notes and coin in the hands of the public dropped by about £4,000,000, while the demand deposits of the commercial banks and the Reserve Bank showed an increase of £5,000,000. At the 31st March, 1947, the available supply of money consisted of £7,200,000 silver and bronze coin, £56,600,000 notes and £312,300,000 bank deposits.

Up to March, 1946, the primary cause of the continuous increase in the monetary circulation had been the large favourable balances of payments (i.e., excess of receipts over outgoings in the Union's international accounts), while a secondary cause had been the considerable increase in the commercial banks' investments in the Union, which was partly counteracted by the decrease in their advances and discounts in the Union. In the year ended 31st March, 1947, however, as explained previously, there was a large adverse balance of payments, which was reflected in a reduction of £84,000,000 in our gold and exchange holdings and which should, other things being equal, also have been reflected in a decrease in the volume of money in circulation. Yet, as mentioned above, there was actually an increase of £1,000,000 in the money supply during that year. The principal factor which served to counteract the effect of the adverse balance of payments was the increase of £63,000,000 in the commercial banks' advances, discounts and investments in the Union, while a further factor was the profit on the revaluation of the Bank's gold reserves and the resultant increase of £17,600,000 in Government deposits with the Bank on the 30th June, 1946, the date of revaluation.

The creation of additional commercial bank credit to the extent of £63,000,000 during the past year took place mainly in the form of increased advances and dis-

counts, which rose from £54,600,000 in March, 1946, to £104,100,000 in March, 1947. Their investments also increased from £82,500,000 to £96,100,000. The increase in their advances and discounts was related not only to the tremendous increase in imports during that period, but also to increased activity in other directions; while the expansion of their investments was evidently the result of opportunities for acquiring additional gilt-edged securities, on the one hand, and their relatively strong cash position, on the other.

The fact that the commercial banks' advances and discounts in the Union were almost doubled within a year calls for further analysis of the underlying situation. As compared with £104,000,000 in March, 1947, the average figure for 1937-39 was about £55,000,000. It is true that there has been a considerable increase in the price level, the index numbers of wholesale prices for March, 1947, showing rises of 52 and 71 per cent. for local and imported goods, respectively, over those for 1938. It is also true that merchants had to replenish their depleted stocks and that there was a large accumulated consumers' demand to meet after the war. Against that, however, has to be set the huge increase in the quantity of money in circulation, namely, from £100,000,000 in September, 1939, to £375,000,000 in March, 1946, a large part of which was attributed to the unsatisfied demand for goods. In view of this, the rapid and continuous rise in bank advances and discounts during the past year gives one the impression of *prima facie* evidence that a considerable amount of bank credit is involved in the financing of goods in transit and in the holding of stocks, whether by wholesalers, retailers or manufacturers, which may in turn be due to many orders having been more promptly executed than was expected, as well as to the public having bought less than anticipated on account of prices of many goods being considered too high. These probabilities derive a large measure of support from reports of overstocking in some lines and

of unemployment in a few industries; the reappearance of clearance sales here and there; the excessive amount of notes which continues to remain in the hands of the public; and the comparatively low rate of turnover of bank deposits as measured in terms of bank debits to individual accounts. Under these circumstances, and in the light of reports of price uncertainty in America, the situation demands caution on the part of merchants in regard to overseas indents of consumers' goods, particularly those which have moved or show signs of moving out of the category of short supply.

A gratifying feature, however, of the banking situation in the Union is that, notwithstanding the considerable reduction in the commercial banks' cash reserves (as a result of the adverse balance of payments) and the tremendous increase in their advances and discounts, their cash position remains very strong. At the 31st March, 1947, the ratio of their cash reserves to their liabilities to the public in the Union stood at 41 per cent., and their liquid asset ratio at 72 per cent. Although their cash ratio dropped from the peak of 60 per cent. in January, 1946, to 41 per cent. in March, 1947, the latter still far exceeds the accepted standard for adequate cash reserves in commercial banking. There is, therefore, a wide margin left for meeting further inroads on their cash reserves on account of adverse balances of payments and providing working capital for legitimate expansion of business associated with the development of new mines and industries.

As stated previously, the quantity of money in circulation in the Union at the 31st March, 1947, amounted to £376,000,000. Although a substantial part of this amount has been temporarily immobilised due to the many new flotations which have taken place, and for other reasons, and although the total volume of money may in the next year or two show an appreciable decline from its present high level, as a result of lower prices and/or adverse balances of



payments, we are still confident that the Union will continue to have an available supply of money more than sufficient for all its requirements of media of exchange, cash in hand and working balances on current banking accounts.

During the past year there has been a further reduction in gilt-edged rates. The Government, for example, successfully issued a 15-year conversion loan in October, 1946, at  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and a  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -year conversion loan in June last at 2 per cent.; and those municipalities which had occasion to float loans were able to do so at somewhat lower net rates than before. On the other hand, there has been, as I anticipated last year, "a firming of some rates due to special circumstances affecting the relation between supply and demand in particular spheres of financial operations." In general, on account of the ample supply of money and the continued inflow of capital, it is likely that money rates will tend to remain in the vicinity of the present low level for some time to come.

## GENERAL OUTLOOK

Last year I found it necessary to deal at some length with the twin dangers of further inflation and over-speculation in the Union. Since that time further rises in prices and wages have taken place in the Union, as elsewhere; but owing to the large expansion of production, particularly in the United States, and the tremendous increase in our imports, the fear of a continuation of the inflationary process in the Union has practically disappeared. The rate and extent of speculative activity have also declined appreciably, bringing about a sounder and healthier position.

The present economic situation in the Union, as in many countries, represents a mixed pattern. While there is overstocking and price-cutting in some lines and a condition approaching saturation in others, there are still various classes of durable and non-durable consumers' goods in short supply,

with a consequent tendency towards at least the maintenance of the present high prices. With regard to producers' goods, there is a considerable backlog of demand yet to be met in the case of capital equipment, building materials, and metal products of all kinds. Thus, while there are signs of unemployment in some industries, there is a shortage of labour in others.

Beside the continuation of world shortages in many lines, there is a large volume of domestic purchasing power available everywhere, although an appreciable part of it was created against unproductive Government debt; and in spite of the recent depletion of gold reserves, mainly in payment of goods from the United States, many countries still have left a substantial amount of gold or other international currency. There is, moreover, a strong probability of international purchasing power being kept up by further international credits, whether from the World Fund and Bank or from the United States and other Governments or their agencies, for purposes of world rehabilitation and reconstruction. Apart from this, many Governments are openly committed to doing everything possible to maintain a high and stable level of employment in their respective countries.

Thus, in the absence of a serious disturbance in international political and economic relationships, there does not appear to be any real likelihood of a general economic depression in the world in the near future. What is, however, probable is the occurrence of varying degrees of recession in those branches of trade and industry in which supply has overtaken demand or is about to do so, accompanied by a downward readjustment of prices. If such readjustment is allowed to take place over a wide field, it should have a beneficial effect on the whole, not only because the general price and cost levels have been unduly inflated but also because the various maladjustments

in price and cost relationships caused by the war require to be ironed out before the world can settle down on a new normal basis. In short, the extent and duration of such a recession may depend largely on the degree and range of price readjustment and the effect thereof on aggregate demand. The maintenance of demand will also depend on the degree and spirit in which the declared economic policies of Governments will be carried out in practice, individually and collectively.

While on account of human instability and the complex nature of the modern economic organisation, I do not believe that cyclical fluctuations in business activity can be eliminated entirely, I do consider that the combined application of appropriate monetary and fiscal policies can achieve a great deal in reducing the amplitude of such fluctuations and avoiding at least the extremes of booms and depressions. Now that the war-induced inflation appears to have reached its peak and world production is increasing at a rapid rate to catch up with the pent-up demand, the next problem will be to obviate the recurrence in due course of unwarranted deflationary pressure, as happened in 1920-22 and again in 1930-32. In the light of experience, this problem cannot be handled satisfactorily by nations acting individually and leaving the door open to confusion, overlapping and conflicting measures. What is required is the close international co-operation of Governments and central banks, not only in the field of monetary action but also in respect of general economic policy. The co-operation of the monetary authorities of a large and growing number of countries is now facilitated by the existence of the International Monetary Fund; and steps are also being taken to convene a World Trade Conference with a view to widening the field of international co-operation through the establishment of an International Trade Organisation.

As far as the Union in particular is concerned, there are several factors which can be ex-

pected to work in the direction of counteracting any tendency towards a recession of business activity. In the first place, a downward re-adjustment of world prices and costs will relieve the gold producers and reverse the declining trend in their output and margin of profit. It is for this reason that the gold-mining industry has always been a stabilising influence in our economy. Secondly, the development of the new mines in the Orange Free State and on the Far West Rand, and the various activities associated therewith, will provide new avenues of employment and sources of income. Thirdly, the plans already in hand for the establishment of new industries and the expansion of many industrial concerns, as well as the large backlog in respect of housing, public works and building requirements generally, will further help to maintain employment and demand, taken as a whole. Finally, the Government and other public authorities are better equipped and prepared today to cope with any unfavourable turn in the economic situation, while the banking structure is much stronger and more liquid, thus ensuring the availability of funds for all sound and legitimate needs.

## CONCLUSION

We deeply regret having to record the death recently of our former Governor, Mr. J. Postmus, and of our colleague, Mr. G. A. Kolbe, who was a Government representative on the Board. Both of them were members of the Bank's first Board of Directors appointed in May, 1921, and we take this opportunity to express our high appreciation of the valuable services rendered by them to the Bank. The vacancy on the Board caused by the death of Mr. Kolbe has been filled by the Government through the appointment of Mr. Eugene Maggs, to whom we extend a hearty welcome and whose services we are pleased to obtain.

Finally, we wish to express our gratitude and appreciation to the staff for the loyal and efficient manner in which they performed their duties during the past year.



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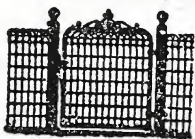
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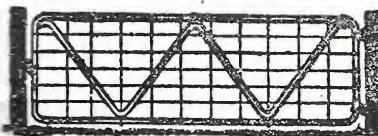
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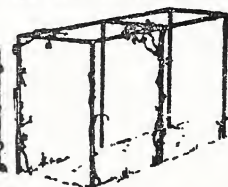
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